

**LOG OF THE "PACIFIC SWIFT"**  
**THIRD OFF-SHORE VOYAGE '91 - '93**

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**LEG #1 - VICTORIA TO PUERTO VALLARTA, MEXICO**

On September 15, 1991, the "Pacific Swift" set sail on her third offshore voyage for Seville, Spain and EXPO '92. What follows are excerpts from the ship's log covering the passage from Victoria to San Diego, California (approximately halfway through Leg #1).

*Saturday, September 14th*

The day dawned bright and clear for the arrival of the first leg "Swift" trainees. Already aboard and settling into shipboard routine were the crew of David and Corinne Eggert (David as 1st Mate and Corinne responsible for provisioning), my wife Margaret (as 2nd Mate, ship's nurse, and Ham radio operator), cooks Glenn Kachmar and Andrea Neil, bosun Jim Sepkowski and bosun's mate Stephen Mohan, and myself as skipper. Our 5 daughters - Julia, Rachel, Christina, Esther, and Leah - were also getting re-acquainted with life aboard with the oldest two taking a year off from schooling while the younger three kept up their studies by correspondence.

By 1400 hours all "Swifties" had checked in and were given an introduction and familiarization tour of the vessel. Through the kindness of the Gibsons, trainees on this and other legs were invited to a tremendous meal at the Gibson's home on Elk Lake. It was a great chance for trainees and crews to get to meet each other, and we had several "Swifties" from as far away as Calgary drive in especially for the occasion.

*Sunday, September 15th*

By 1400 hours we gather for the departure ceremonies and at 1500 hours we cast off waving goodbye to family and friends who have turned out in great numbers to see us off and wish us "Bon Voyage". The "Robertson II" accompanies us out to the quarantine buoy and is a lovely sight in her new sails. After a last farewell, the crew of the "Robertson II" return to the harbour, and we lower sail and proceeded under power as the wind falls light.

Just before supper time, we get a call from Victoria Coast Guard Radio wishing us Bon Voyage from the community of Sooke.

*Monday, September 16th*

By two in the morning we are abeam of Cape Flattery with lots of shipping traffic in the approaches to Juan de Fuca Strait. Still under power, we feel the Pacific swell and many of our crew of 31 are starting to experience the first pangs of sea sickness. We encounter several patches of fog and keep a sharp eye on the radar as ships pass by unseen from the deck. By noon, the wind has increased sufficiently for sailing and we set the four lowers, topsail, and starboard course in a 15 knot Northwesterly breeze.

*Tuesday, September 17th*

At 0900, we jibe over the mainsail as we are well away from the coast and need to make a little more easting. In the process, one of the blocks comprising the jibing tackle disintegrates but is quickly replaced. Winds are light from the north with patchy fog.

Day's Run (noon to noon): 135 nautical miles

Before nightfall, we lower main and foresail and run directly downwind under fore topsail and twin courses. The "Swift" rolls along through a clear, moonlight night, and we bring out the electric piano for our first mug-up on deck. All hands are starting to get their sea legs.

*Wednesday, September 18th*

0903 we set the storm trysail to control the rolling as seas and wind have built up during the night. Speeds start to pick up and we are logging a steady 6 knots. Talked to "Sugar" Flanagan on the "Alcyone" who left Port Townsend the same day we left Victoria and is experiencing the same conditions and making good speeds tacking downwind.

Day's Run: 138 n.m.

*Thursday, September 19th*

0100 we are running fast with a clear moonlit night and speeds averaging 8.4 knots. By daylight the sky becomes overcast, and after lunch we lower topsail and course, set the foresail, and alter course to port. The seas are rough at 12 feet.

Day's Run: 200 n.m. (!)

*Friday, September 20th*

After breakfast, we exchange the trysail for the main and set the topsail again. The seas are much calmer and the wind decreasing. At 1400, the wind has dropped very light and we lower all sail and proceed under power. A small seabird comes aboard for a ride. As a parting gift, the "Swift" had received Birds of the World from Cathy Lamont. Our daughter Leah identified our

hitch-hiker as a short-billed dowitcher. At 1730, we sight Point Reyes through the fog and at 2100, we are anchored in Drake's Bay just to the north of the Golden Gate Bridge. Drake's Bay is where Sir Francis Drake first anchored in these waters and is an ideal spot to await the right tides and weather for crossing the bar and entering the Bay.

Day's Run: 177 n.m.

*Saturday, September 21st*

0550 we weigh anchor to catch the slack tide under the bridge and by 1145, we are tied up at the Bay Model Visitors' Centre in Sausalito.

*Sunday, September 22nd*

Harbour Day!

*Monday, September 23rd*

Our host is Ed Griggs, President of the Sausalito Tallship Society and a Park Ranger responsible for volunteers at the Bay Model Visitors Center. Along with other members of the Tallship Society, Ed hosted a barbecue for all the "Swifties" as well as the crew of the "Alcyone" who had tied alongside the day after we arrived.

*Tuesday, September 24th*

Harbour Day

*Wednesday, September 25th*

We were to leave at 1100 hours but with the onslaught of thunderstorms and one waterspout reported, we delayed departure until 1400 hours. At 1915 hours, clear of the shipping lanes, we altered course to port for San Diego, set the foresail, and motor-sailed in light airs.

*Thursday, September 26th*

Wind was light throughout the night and morning but built to 15 knots by afternoon when we added the downwind course and topsail to the foresail and shut down the engine. Skies are overcast but with the wind from the northwest, we are making good time in the right direction.

*Friday, September 27th*

Wind builds to 20 knots and the sun comes out.

Day's Run: 150 n.m.

*Saturday, September 28th*

Wind falls light in the night and at 0430 we clew up topsails, lower courses, and start the engine. At 1830 we tie up at the Kona Kai Yacht Club at San Diego's Shelter Island. Available for all "Swifties" are showers, laundromat, swimming pool, sauna, etc. which are greatly appreciated.

Day's Run: 143 n.m.

*Sunday, September 29th*

0930 we cast off to move to "B" Street Pier where we raft to the "Californian", another topsail schooner and training vessel, and join in an Open House in support of "Coastal Awareness Day". After the public has had a chance to visit the ships, a private reception is held aboard the "Californian" for all participants and the "Swift" receives a copy of The Log of Christopher Columbus to commemorate her trip to Spain. At 1945, we return to the Kona Kai Yacht Club with darkness setting in and numerous Sunday boaters returning to their moorings.

*Monday, September 30th*

Harbour Day

*Tuesday, October 1st*

Harbour Day - Several "Swifties" leave for an excursion to Disneyland.

*Wednesday and Thursday, October 2nd and 3rd*

Harbour Days which include free tours of the harbour and of the museum ships "Star of India" and "Berkeley".

*Friday, October 4th*

San Diego is gripped with the fever of the America's Cup Races which will be held here next year. After giving a talk to a group of commodores from the various local yacht clubs, Marg and I are invited to tour the Dennis Conner compound where the "Stars and Stripes" is being readied to help keep the cup in the States. Already the Italians have set up shop with 3 racers at Shelter

Island, Dennis Conner group and the Spanish syndicate are side by side next to the new convention centre, and the Swiss are over on Coronado. Literally millions of dollars are poured into each vessel and the Italians have leased a complete yacht yard, Driscolls, for the year. Security is tight and each contender's keel is shielded from view by a canvas curtain. (The vessels, though large, are hauled out every day after sailing both for security and to prevent the possibility of added weight due to water absorption). Aficionados will recall the introduction of a radical new winged keel in '83, hence the attempt to keep the latest designs from prying eyes.

Tomorrow we leave to fuel up and then a two-hour trip to Chula Vista where the "Swift" is being hosted by the San Diego Tallship Society and the City of Chula Vista. On Monday, God willing, we leave for Mexico. The crew have been working well, sickness has been limited to minor sore throats and colds, and the weather has been warm with favouring winds. The "Swift" has been much complimented by her numerous visitors, and Jim and Stephen have ensured that she is looking as good as ever.

#### *Saturday, October 5th*

0845 we cast off from the Kona Kai Yacht Club and after fuelling up at a nearby gas dock, we proceed through a narrow winding channel to Chula Vista, just south of San Diego. The "Pacific Swift" hosts an open house in the afternoon. Jamie Knox (a S.A.L.T.S.' trainee of several years on the coastal program living near San Diego) and his parents kindly provide transportation to their home and a barbecue supper for all crew members.

#### *Sunday, October 6th*

Shore leave.

#### *Monday, October 7th*

1700 hours we cast off for an overnight run to Ensenada, Mexico. The fog is thick and the winds light. The sound of the foghorn makes sleeping difficult for some.

#### *Tuesday, October 8th*

0745 we anchor in the harbour of Ensenada and go ashore to clear customs. By 1145 our paperwork is completed so we are glad to get underway again as the harbour seems to be the repository of the city's garbage. Two hours later, we are anchored off the Islas Todo Santos and go ashore to explore. There is a lot of bird life but except for a family of kelp gatherers the island seems deserted. We weigh anchor at 1700 hours taking with us a hoard of flies that has forsaken their desert isle for the attractions of a new home.

By nightfall, we set topsail and twin courses in a steady but light wind and our energies are directed to steering the ship or swatting flies!

At 0450 we alter course for Isla de San Martin, and the winds having fallen light, we start up the engine and lower sails.

#### *Wednesday, October 9th*

By 1130 hours we are up to the small island of San Martin, reputed to be the former refuge of pirates, but the fog is so thick we can hear surf pounding on the rocks without the faintest glimpse of the island. We decide to proceed to Cabo San Quintin and anchor in the lee of the cape.

#### *Thursday, October 10th*

1000 hours the fog seems to be lifting so with the dories launched, we plan an excursion ashore with lunch on one of the deserted sandy beaches.

The surf breaks on the shore and makes landing the dories a bit of a trick. One dory broaches and occupants and contents received a thorough soaking.

By 1100 the fog moves in suddenly and the ship is lost to view. We quickly assemble and tying the three dories together we use the engine in dory number one to tow the other two. By use of a hand bearing compass and allowing 10 degrees for leeway with the onshore breeze we are thankful when the "Swift" looms out of the fog ahead of us.

We weigh anchor at 1410 and proceed south.

#### *Friday, October 11th*

A foggy night but the fog lifts somewhat by midday giving us our first glimpses of flying fish and sea turtles.

At 1735 we weigh anchor off the small village of Puerto San Bartholme in Turtle Bay.

#### *Saturday, October 12th*

We go ashore to explore this dusty village on the edge of the desert and are well received by the locals. After lunch, we move to a more remote corner of Turtle Bay for swimming and diving for abalone.

#### *Sunday, October 13th*

Sunday we hold our Thanksgiving service in the morning and after some more swimming and snorkelling dine on a sumptuous Thanksgiving dinner of roast chickens and eleven lobsters purchased from a local fisherman.

By 1700 we weigh anchor and proceed on our way in a clear, starlit night.

***Monday, October 14th***

We have been keeping an eye on the hurricanes further south but it appears the latest tropical storm, hurricane "Marty", is moving out to sea.

We catch our first fish, a Mahi Mahi, and the sea life in the form of turtles and whales is getting more abundant.

***Tuesday, October 15th***

At 0745 we enter the immense Bahia Magdalena (Magdalena Bay) and anchor shortly thereafter off the small village of Puerto Magdalena in Man-O-War Cove.

Later on we decide to attempt the zig-zag approach to Puerto San Carlos through a maze of sand banks and shoals, so with trainees aloft, on bow watch, and keeping an eye on the depth sounder, we proceed cautiously.

En route we received a call from a passing yachtsman (the only sailboat we have seen in days) that there was "priority traffic" for the "Swift". Fearing the worst, as my father had been ill for some time, Marg and I got put ashore in an attempt to find a telephone. After a long and dusty walk, we located a phone in a stationary store in the nearby village and received the news that Dad had passed away quietly on Thanksgiving morning.

***Wednesday, October 16th***

0730 we weigh anchor and decide to proceed to Cabo San Lucas. Towing the fishing lines astern, we do well just before sundown with a yellow-fin tuna, a large wahoo, and two mahi-mahi taken in quick succession.

***Thursday, October 17th***

With an early morning breeze, we set the four lowers (main, foresail, jumbo, and jib) and close quickly with Cabo. By noon, we are tied up to a marina and I manage to catch the last plane out of the airport after a forty-five minute ride in a taxi travelling at break-neck speed and am in Victoria the following morning.

***Friday, October 18th***

The funeral is held at Saanichton Bible Fellowship and the church is filled with family and friends who represent Dennis Clark's diverse ministry as missionary, author, traveller, mentor and family man. Dr. Paul Stevens takes as his text the words from Hebrews 11: "Wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God".

***Saturday, October 19th***

After an early start from Victoria, I am back in Cabo in time for supper with the family, eaten at a nearby restaurant.

***Sunday, October 20th***

1225 we cast off and just outside the harbour we raise sail. Before dark we anchor under sail in the lee of Palmilla Pt. now on the "inside" of the Baja Peninsula.

***Monday, October 21st***

0930 we weigh anchor for another leisurely day of sailing up the coast and anchoring where dusk finds us in the lee of Pt. Arena.

***Tuesday, October 22nd***

Wind is light so we motor all day, anchoring by moonlight in Puerto Ballandra, a small cove just outside of La Paz, where most of the crew jump overboard to cool off.

***Wednesday, October 23rd***

By 1210, we are anchored in La Paz where the tide runs with some ferocity. Many hands go ashore to sample the cuisine of the restaurants, hotels, and open-air bistros.

***Thursday, October 24th***

We move to the Marina de La Paz to take on fuel and water.

***Friday, October 25th***

We meet "Hay Chihuahua" a.k.a. Jay Ramos who has been living in La Paz for the past 10 years aboard his diminutive cutter. He arranges for the crew to use the pool at Los Arcos, a local hotel, and arranges a dinner for us all at a modest price at the Los Arcos dining room, overlooking the waterfront. The chef bakes a special cake inscribed "Bon Voyage - Swift" and the hotel manager arranges for a 3-piece Mexican band to entertain us. It is quite a sight to see all thirty-one of us sitting down to one table!

*Saturday, October 26th*

0915 we cast off for nearby Espiritu Santu Island where we anchor just after lunch in a bay with clear water and white beaches.

*Sunday, October 27th*

After Sunday service, we weigh anchor under sail and beat out of the bay for the nearby island of Isla San Francisco.

*Monday, October 28th*

0930 dories ashore to explore the island where agates are found on the beach under some cliffs. Salt pans are located in the middle of the island where salt is commercially collected by communities on neighbouring islands and along the peninsula. We weigh anchor at 1530 and by 1700 are anchored again in a small cove on the Baja Peninsula called Punta San Avaristo.

*Tuesday, October 29th*

We go ashore to visit the small community and Glenn, our cook, takes along his equipment to put on a bubble show for the school consisting of twenty students.

Meanwhile our volleyball team loses to the local team on a nearby beach.

1600 we weigh anchor and move across to Isla San Jose.

*Wednesday, October 30th*

There are no subscribers for a visit ashore, so the morning is spent swimming, reading, playing chess, and chartwork instruction. At 1200 hours, we weigh anchor for the 260 mile crossing to Mazatlan on the Mexican mainland.

*Thursday, October 31st*

By early morning the wind has built so at first light we set sail. The choppy sea is making quite a few of us feel a little queasy for the first time in weeks but by nightfall nearly everyone is accustomed to the new motion.

*Friday, November 1st*

By 0830 we are anchored in Mazatlan, a city of about 700,000 people and 2,100 taxi drivers. We find the port officials are closed for a three-day holiday and despite several dusty and hot trips to the Capitan del Puerto's office with the ship's papers, David, the first mate, and I are greeted with cries of "Manana, Manana". It should be noted that in Mexico, it is not sufficient to clear customs once only on arrival; rather, at every port visits must be made to the Port Captain, Immigration, and Aduana (customs) with the ship's papers, crew lists, visas, etc. and quite often the offices of the various officials are located at different ends of town. Port fees must be paid on the ship's tonnage twice - once for entering and once for leaving. We have found that the greater the piles of paper in hand, sufficiently adorned with stamps and seals, the better!

*Saturday and Sunday, November 2nd and 3rd*

Shore leave. 14 "Swifties" rent 2 hotel rooms for the luxury of fresh showers and swimming pool. We have a Mexican Halloween (a big celebration in Mexico) with a pinata made by Corinne and stuffed with candies.

*Monday, November 4th*

After paying our final respects to the Port Captain we weigh anchor at 1515 hours for an overnight run to Isabella Island.

*Tuesday, November 5th*

0930 we anchor off Isabella Island which has been described as a mini-Galapagos. Except for a few itinerant fisherman, the island is inhabited only by wildlife - frigate birds and other seabirds in the thousands, marine iguanas and feral cats. We cut some sugar cane and fill a few bags with limes which make a refreshing addition to the ship's water supply. Other edibles observed on Isabella were bananas, papayas, oranges, and coconuts but these were not so abundant and we left them for the locals to enjoy.

*Wednesday, November 6th*

After a night at anchor with the surf booming on the rocks a mere cable's length away (one cable = 1/10 mile) we weighed anchor for San Blas and anchored in the lee of Punta Camarones since the harbour of San Blas is fairly shoal at the entrance bar. San Blas was at one time the headquarters for the Spanish on the Pacific side of Central America and is steeped in history though it has not been "discovered" by tourists as yet. We "doried" ashore for the 3 or 4 mile hike into town where most "Swifties" managed to hitch a ride on a passing truck. Marg and I and the girls were offered a ride in a "panga" (open boat) and took the scenic route through mangrove swamps which closed overhead for most of the journey and is home to white egrets, alligators, parrots, and the occasional jaguar. (Our guide called them "tigers").

In town, we visited some old Spanish fortifications built of stone and heavily overgrown with vines and tropical foliage.

Due to the extensive Mangrove Swamps the beaches at night are ridden with mosquitoes and "no-seeums" which may account for the lack of tourists.

*Thursday and Friday, November 7th and 8th*

0540 we weigh anchor for La Cruz a small fishing village just north of Puerto Vallarta where we say farewell to one or two trainees who will be leaving early and finish off junior and intermediate certificates for several trainees.

*Saturday, November 9th*

0850 we tie up to the Marina at Puerto Vallarta. As the ship enters the harbour there are cries of welcome from several trainees who will be joining the ship on Leg Two. Included in the group is Heather Chapman from Victoria who has just flown down to meet her fiancée, Tyler Brand, a Leg One trainee.

*Sunday, November 10th*

Shore leave.

*Monday, November 11th*

Work Day. All trainees turn to in order to get the ship ready for Leg Two - sanding, painting, varnishing, minor repairs and food stowage.

*Tuesday, November 12th*

Great excitement as Tyler and Heather are married aboard "Pacific Swift", their parents having flown down a day or two earlier. As ships' captain, I am happy to officiate, with 1st mate Dave as best man, and 2nd mate Marg as matron of honour, Leah (the youngest crew member) as flower girl, and Swifties as honoured guests.

*Wednesday, November 13th*

We say goodbye to 12 shipmates who are leaving us after two months of shared fun, adventure, work, and occasional hardships. Tomorrow we welcome some new faces aboard.

*Conclusions*

The "Swift" has lived up to her reputation of previous voyages. With a favouring breeze, she has shown that she can kick up her heels and run with the best of them; however the winds have been fairly light during our time in Mexico and we have had to set the "iron jib" (the engine) more than we would like. Also unexpected was the amount of fog experienced on this trip - from Cape Flattery to well below the Mexican border - and it has meant the ship's officers have needed to keep a sharp eye on the radar. We no longer regret the endless weeks in nautical school twiddling the knobs of a simulator!

Ship's morale has been generally good with all hands willing and able to work when called upon. The cooks, Glenn and Andrea, have done a tremendous job despite rough seas and hot days that turn the galley into a sauna. Corinne, as usual, has kept the provisioning in budget and provided us with a wide and varied assortment of meals with treats thrown in on special occasions. Having David as mate is an added bonus since he is really a second skipper in disguise. In addition, he keeps our hard working bosuns - Jim and Stephen - well supplied with materials and job lists, and the ship in Bristol condition. Marg, in addition to running a very efficient watch, keeps our communications open through the HAM net (now ably assisted by Corinne) and attends to the daily medical complaints from sore ears to stomach upsets.

There have been days, and will be to come, when one wishes to be elsewhere than on a heaving deck or in a hot and sweaty bunk, but let the hook settle to the sandy bottom of some remote palm-fringed shore and the evening breeze assail one's nostrils with the fragrant aroma of frangipani or hibiscus and all is forgiven. (Not sure whether we've seen any frangipani but it's the favourite of south sea novelists given to excesses of purple prose and it sounds good.)

And now on to the challenge of Leg Two - Central America with too much wind or too little, the Panama Canal and the crossing from one great ocean to another, and the Western Caribbean, lee shore of the boisterous trade winds, the Gulf Stream and the dreaded "northers". We shall see!

Martyn J. Clark  
Master, "Pacific Swift"  
November 13, 1991

**LEG #2 - PUERTO VALLARTA, MEXICO TO MIAMI, FLORIDA**

*Friday, November 15th*

We cast off from the Puerto Vallarta Marina, our home for our stay in Puerto Vallarta and stop on the way out to top up our fuel tanks. As we finally leave the harbour we wave goodbye to a few small figures on the shoreline - trainees from Leg One. On board are eleven new trainees and it is with mixed emotions that we point the "Swift's" bowsprit out to sea again.

Our first night of Leg Two is clear and starlit with a typical ocean swell as we clear the land.

***Saturday, November 16th***

By 1400 hours we have enough wind to set foretop and courses and stop engine, but the breeze is light.

***Sunday, November 17th***

By 0630 hours the wind has completely died away and we must resort to the engine again. The heat is intense, and we stop after lunch for a 5 minute swim.

Day's Run: 129 nautical miles

***Monday, November 18th***

Continued hot and windless but by 1430 hours there is enough wind for courses and topsail.

Day's Run: 159 n.m.

***Tuesday, November 19th***

Back under power again as the sea is flat calm. We are now entering the Gulf of Tehuantepec which is notorious for gale force winds; however, there is no warning over the radio.

Day's Run: 145 n.m.

***Wednesday, November 20th***

By night fall wind and seas have started to build and we suspect that we are in for a "Tehuantepecer".

Day's Run: 171 n.m.

***Thursday, November 21st***

1000 hours it is blowing a full gale with gusts to 50 knots and seas around 20 feet. We hoist foresail, trysail, and jumbo and make slow progress to windward.

The G.P.S. is not giving any fixes so we must rely on celestial navigation. (Apparently the satellites are being overhauled so we suspect the problem is not in our machine but in the system itself.)

It is still windy and bumpy but we are comfortable under our snug rig.

Day's Run: 105 n.m.

***Friday, November 22nd***

0830 hours the wind has moderated so we set main, jib, and foretopsail. By afternoon the wind is light so we lower sails and motor. Still no G.P.S.

Day's Run: 145 n.m.

***Saturday, November 23rd***

Flat calm - still under power.

Day's Run: 145 n.m.

***Sunday, November 24th***

G.P.S. back on briefly. Puts us 2 1/2 miles from our D.R. position.

Day's Run: 129 n.m.

***Monday, November 25th***

Head winds, choppy, motorsailing under foresail - slow progress.

Day's Run: 100 n.m.

***Tuesday, November 26th***

Winds N.E., 25 knots. Set reefed main and jumbo and kill engine - not much fuel left!

Day's Run: 92 n.m.

***Wednesday, November 27th***

Back under power, Costa Rica is in sight. 0900 hours anchor off the wharf at Puntarenas. After clearing customs, Ramon the pilot comes aboard to guide us through the shoals to the protected waters of the inner harbour.

***Thursday - Saturday, November 28th - 30th***

Shore leave. Time to explore Costa Rica's rain forests, volcanoes, beaches, and catch up on laundry and Christmas shopping.

***Sunday, December 1st***

All aboard ready for an early start on December 2nd.



*Monday, December 2nd*

0700 hours move to gas dock to fuel and water up. 1200 hours cast off. Our pilot, Ramon, has given me some instructions in local pilotage so we leave without a pilot aboard.

*Tuesday, December 3rd*

Under power with no wind. Night is clear with numerous small fishing vessels. At 1545 we anchor in Golfito, a banana exporting harbour close to the borders of Panama.

*Tuesday, December 4th*

We enjoy the hospitality of the Yacht Club de Samoa run by an ex-patriate Frenchman, Alberto. He provides French cuisine and canned music while his son entertains with magic tricks.

*Thursday, December 5th*

0540 hours, we weigh anchor for Panama. By 1315 hours there is a wind abeam so we raise the foresail and motorsail. The sea is teeming with life and we are doing just the right speed for trolling as we catch 2 mahi mahi (one 35 pounder) and 3 yellow fin tuna in quick succession.

*Friday, December 6th*

Still motorsailing with the wind drawing ahead.

Day's Run: 150 n.m.

*Saturday, December 7th*

Windy and choppy. We are making slow progress.

Day's Run: 94 n.m. in 23 hours

(We turn our clocks forward one hour). We are buzzed by a U.S. navy helicopter and later speak with a U.S. warship that calls us up to find out what we're up to.

*Sunday, December 8th*

1115 hours after speaking with the control tower at Balboa, we anchor in the approaches to the canal. Canal officials are soon aboard to clear the "Swift" for transit and to measure the ship to determine canal tonnage on which fees are based. Our agent turns up with sacks of mail and takes the cooks to do grocery shopping while I visit the Port Captain to sign the necessary waivers. (Something like "Don't blame us if you break a bowsprit or damage your bulwarks in transit!!!) We are scheduled to enter the first lock at 0800 hours the next morning.

*Monday, December 9th*

0500 hours all hands are up early and by 0615 hours our canal pilot, Clemente, is aboard. Everyone has been assigned jobs either line handling or steering, and we feel well prepared to the great event. At 0635 we weigh anchor entering the first lock at 0800 hours behind the freighter "Cuidad de Quinto".

We rise two chambers up in Miraflores Lock and one chamber up in Pedro Miguel Lock. We are locked in "centre chamber" with 4 lines going to the wall on either side and by the time we leave Pedro Miguel we have risen 85 feet.

The line handling goes smoothly but there is one awkward moment when the wash from the "Cuidad's" massive propellers causes a whirlpool in the narrow passage and sends us hurtling towards one wall of the canal. Fortunately disaster is averted by going hard to starboard and revving the engine. Our pilot Clemente (one of 80 Panamanian pilots out of a total of around 220 canal pilots - the rest are Americans) got fairly excited at this close encounter but settled down when things returned to normal.

We proceeded through Gaillard Cut and then wound our way through fresh water Gatun Lake amid numerous small islands lush with tropical foliage.

We made good time and arrived at Gatun Lock early so all hands, including our pilot, jumped overboard for a refreshing fresh water dip. Many took the opportunity to shampoo and scrub down. 1515 hours we enter Gatun Lock descending 3 chambers to the Atlantic side. (In canal lingo you are either northbound or southbound as the Atlantic side is actually west of the Pacific side.)

In Balboa we had left a tide measured in feet; in Cristobal we found a tide measured in inches. As night fell we tied up to a dock in Cristobal ready to take on fuel and water the following day.

We had been warned that the city of Colon is extremely dangerous and that no-one should wander the streets alone, so groups of four or five travelled together using taxis as much as possible.

*Tuesday, December 10th*

We do the ship's laundry and take on fuel and by nightfall another pilot, an American, takes us out to the East Anchorage in Cristobal Harbour. We spend an uneasy right rolling in the swell that comes in despite the massive breakwaters and listening to the wind howling. We know we are in for some tough slogging to windward when we leave.

*Wednesday, December 11th*

0900 we weigh anchor, set the foresail and clear the Cristobal breakwater. The wind is N.N.E. at 20 knots and the seas choppy but we are making progress.

At 2015 the engine alarm goes off and we find the cooling pump needs a new impellor. Jim attends to this without delay and we are soon underway again.

*Thursday, December 12th*

It is still windy with swells around 15 feet. At 0945 hours the engine overheats again and we discover sargasso weed and a small shrimp in the strainer.

Day's Run: 101 n.m.

*Friday, December 13th*

Wind and seas have moderated and the motion is more comfortable. We add the mainsail and 3 jibs to the foresail and cut the engine.

Day's Run: 134 n.m.

*Saturday, December 14th*

We are able to alter course to cross the north east edge of the Moskito banks so set main, jumbo, and jib and kill the engine. We average 8 knots in an E.N.E. breeze.

At night we lower the main and set the courses.

Day's Run: 150 n.m.

*Sunday, December 15th*

The wind falls light in rain showers so we lower sail and start the engine.

Day's Run: 133 n.m.

*Monday, December 16th*

0830 hours abeam Isla de Guanaja, easternmost of the Bay Islands of Honduras. Our charts are very sketchy so we pick our way cautiously through the reef and anchor off the settlement of Guanaja which is built on a small cay riddled with canals and waterways and is home to about 4000 people.

We clear customs and then go ashore to explore the narrow alleyways, shops, and restaurants.

*Tuesday, December 17th*

We weigh anchor and proceed to the eastern end of Guanaja anchoring just off a small cay on the inside of the reef where we spend the day snorkelling, swimming, and exploring.

Since the anchorage is exposed we decide to anchor in the lee of the main island. Just as we are preparing to lower the anchor the water shoals from 40 feet to 10 and we find ourselves resting on a sand bar; however, we are only lightly touching so with the aid of a passing motorboat we back off and anchor in deeper water.

*Wednesday, December 18th*

0840 hours we weigh anchor and return to the main settlement to obtain clearance for the next island, Roatan. Once again we pick our way cautiously through the reef and once outside, the waters deepen to 80 and 90 feet; however, we encounter one shoal patch that doesn't appear on any charts which means that in the swells we are just grazing the bottom. Once clear of this patch we reached Roatan by 1600 hours and negotiating the reef once again we anchor in Port Royal, one of the finest harbours in the islands and once the headquarters of Morgan and the other pirates who raided the Spanish treasure ships en route from the Panamanian coast to Spain via the Yucatan Channel.

*Thursday, December 19th*

We explore Port Royal harbour which is now virtually deserted. George Cay, which guards the entrance, has the remains of an old fort but is now private property; however, the caretaker allows us to look around and we explore the ruins and the cay which is stocked with peacocks and guinea fowl.

At 1250 hours we weigh anchor and proceed to French Harbour in frequent rain squalls. By 1440 hours we are tied up to a fishing dock in this community of around 1,500 people, mostly fishermen. Many of them are descendants of the British buccaneers and have names like McNab, Dixon, and Elwins.

*Friday, December 20th*

Shore leave - windy and very wet!

*Saturday, December 21st*

Continuing rain and wind. We take on diesel at the fuel dock but decide to stay put as the weather is pretty nasty outside. A 90' steel shrimp boat touches the reef on entering and is soon hard aground with swells and wind pushing her further up the reef. Many of us take refuge in the yacht club to get out of the rain and watch football on television.

*Sunday, December 22nd*

Still windy and wet so we decide to stay in harbour.

*Monday, December 23rd*

We take a taxi to Coxen Hole, the main port on Roatan, to obtain a customs clearance and by 1015, with all the paperwork complete, we leave for Utila, westernmost of the Bay Islands.

At 1515 we drop anchor, having picked our way in through the reef and taking a zigzag course to avoid numerous shoal patches.

*Tuesday, December 24th*

Christmas Eve. We spend the day ashore exploring this low lying island, home to fishermen and boatbuilders who pride themselves on their British ancestry.

All aboard for dinner - a delicious repast of Roatan shrimp and numerous goodies which have been in the works for days thanks to the cooks and a dedicated crew of volunteers. We round out the evening with Christmas carols.

*Wednesday, December 25th*

Christmas Day. Santa - in red suit, white whiskers and sporting a Rastafarian-style hat -descends the mast in the bosun's chair with gifts for all hands. He vaguely resembles First Mate David Eggert and is ably assisted by the Christmas elf, Leah Clark, who has candies to hand out. We are delighted that Kelly Thompson, a first leg trainee who has been travelling though Central America since leaving the ship in Mexico, and Annie Clark, a friend of trainee Nicole Diggins working in mainland Honduras, are able to join us for Christmas.

*Thursday, December 26th*

1400 hours we weigh anchor and in a light N.E. wind set the foresail and point our bow towards Belize.

*Friday, December 27th*

0530 hours we sight English Cay light which marks the entrance to the shoal waters inside the reef which is reportedly the second largest Barrier Reef in the world (Australia's is the largest).

0920 we anchor about a mile off Belize City where the water is muddy, dirty, and too shallow to allow us to get much closer.

Belize City, once the capital of British Honduras and seat of the British administration, has changed much since its heyday during the colonial period, both as a result of a poor economy and the ravages of hurricanes which inundate the city about once every 10 years and cause massive destruction.

After clearing customs, we move to nearby Robinson Island where the water is clean and we spend the day snorkelling exploring the ruins of an abandoned shipyard.

*Saturday, December 28th*

0820 we weigh anchor, and with wind freshening we set sail for a fast passage in protected waters, anchoring off the village of Placentia (some 60 miles south) by 1650 hours.

*Sunday, December 29th*

Shore leave to explore the charms of Placentia, a small and friendly community connected by a narrow cement path for the use of wheelbarrows.

*Monday, December 30th*

0900 hours we weigh anchor under sail and head out to the Barrier Reef anchoring off the Bugle Cays, two of several hundred cays scattered along the reef. We spend the day snorkelling and quite a quantity of good sized conchs are brought aboard. The cooks prepare conch chowder and the shells are polished up as souvenirs.

By late afternoon we are back anchored off Placentia.

*Tuesday, December 31st*

Shore leave, but all hands return for a swing at the Pinata made by Christina, Esther, and Leah and stuffed with goodies supplied by Corinne and the Cooks. We bring in the new year with clattering pots and pans, sounding the ship's horn, and ringing the bell.

### *Wednesday, January 1st, 1992*

0600 hours we weigh anchor and are back at Robinson Island by 1500 hours. Some go swimming, while Jim and helpers fashion a new mast for one of the dories as part of a new sailing rig which is to include rudder, lee board, and sail - all to be made on board as time permits.

### *Thursday, January 2nd*

0600 hours we weigh anchor and move to Belize City to clear customs. Nearly everyone goes ashore to have a look at the city but by 1225 hours we are underway again with a clearance for Miami.

### *Friday, January 3rd*

The wind is north at 10 knots so we are obliged to motor and at daybreak we find ourselves off the Caribbean coast of Mexico. We encounter frequent rain squalls.

### *Saturday, January 4th*

Winds still north and we are making slow progress (4.5 knots) in choppy seas under power. By setting main, fore, and jumbo we managed to pick up speed.

Day's Run: 136 n.m.

We have taken a poll and everyone seems keen to visit Cuba so Marg re-cuts our Honduran and Costa Rican flags (with some red added from an old Canadian flag) to make a new Cuban courtesy flag. We don't know what to expect as few yachtsmen have visited the country but everyone seems ready for an adventure.

### *Sunday, January 5th*

We have rounded the western end of Cuba and are staying just to the north of the shipping lanes which are well used in these parts.

### *Monday, January 6th*

We put our clocks ahead 1 hour and at 0730 are off Havana. We contact Morro Signal Station and are instructed to proceed to Marina Hemingway some 10 miles off Havana.

Since we have no detailed chart, we request a pilot to guide us and once we are off the entrance, a skiff comes out to show us in.

The marina is really a series of canals which were built just prior to the revolution and is now set aside for foreign yachts as part of Cuban - Cuba's tourism arm which is trying to attract foreign capital now that the supply from the Soviet Union has dried up.

All the officials are awaiting us upon arrival - customs, immigration, health - and appear very friendly and anxious to expedite the reams of paperwork. Once this is completed, we are shown to a berth alongside the canal and hardly are the docklines ashore when another contingent of officials from the marina and from tourism turn up with a large tray of cold drinks to officially welcome us to Cuba. We are shown around the facilities which consist of several restaurants, tennis courts, video games, rental bungalows, and store.

### *Tuesday, January 7th*

We are provided with an official interpreter, Mario, who is anxious to make our stay in Cuba as pleasant as possible. The Clark family rent a chauffeured mini-bus to visit part of old Havana which still retains some impressive Spanish architecture in forts, buildings, and cathedrals - many of which have been turned into museums extolling the virtues of the revolution.

We notice long line-ups at food stores and shops and discover that many of the restaurants, stores, and beaches are reserved by Cuban for tourists only, where no line-ups exist. Numerous small boys ask us for Chiclets or money, and the black market for Cuban cigars or money-changing is a fact of life despite the presence of armed police at every corner.

### *Wednesday, January 8th*

Work Day. All hands turn to and the hull is painted from stem to stern, the rigging oiled and the storage lockers cleared out.

In the evening Marg and I are invited to a reception hosted by the marina for the captains of "foreign" yachts. There are only a handful of us as there are only 6 or 7 vessels of foreign registry. We are presented with a large, beautifully produced book on Ernest Hemingway's life in Cuba and are questioned minutely by our hosts as to how they can encourage more yachtsmen to visit Cuba.

### *Thursday, January 9th*

A bus tour is arranged for all trainees to visit old Havana, Morro Castle, and museums.

Marg, Dave, and I are invited to visit the "El Bravo", whose captain we have met the night before. She is a luxury yacht whose owner is Swiss and is having some medical problems attended to in Cuba. The "El Bravo" was recently launched in Italy at a cost of \$30,000,000.00 and sports a crystal elevator, Italian marble floors, swimming pool, and gold faucets!

*Friday, January 10th*

We cast off at 0830 and bid a reluctant farewell to Cuba. We plot a course to take us close to the axis of the Gulf Stream which is travelling north at 3 to 4 knots.

*Saturday, January 11th*

1515 we pick up the pilot outside the entrance to Miami and by 1645 are safely tied up to a marina in downtown Miami.

After our long sojourn in Mexico and Central America we find it hard to adjust to the tempo and excesses of a large American city; nevertheless, hot showers, laundromats, and hamburgers with fries are a welcome change!

The rest of our time in Leg Two is spent in taking on supplies and preparing the vessel for Leg Three. This includes scheduling a haulout in Fort Lauderdale to get the bottom anti-fouled.

*Conclusions*

We had anticipated that on this segment of the voyage we would encounter too little wind - or too much! On the whole, the weather lived up to expectations. The three areas of strong to gale force winds - Tehuantepec on the west coast of Mexico, the Caribbean side of the canal, and the Gulf of Mexico on the Atlantic side - produced uncomfortable conditions in the first two localities only.

We escaped a true "Norther" between Honduras and Miami but did have moderate head winds. As a result, we spent a lot of time under power and we are thankful the "Suzi", our reliable Japanese "Jimmy", has decided to keep running. We were conscious of pretty severe weather conditions on occasion that occurred either behind or ahead of us but left us unscathed. Also, for safety in uncharted waters we can say with Joshua Slocum, whose "Spray" survived the boisterous seas of Tierra del Fuego: "The Hand which held these, held also the "Swift"".

Martyn J. Clark, Master  
"Pacific Swift"

**LEG #3 - MIAMI TO WEST INDIES TO MIAMI**

*Friday, January 24*

At 1000 hours our pilot comes aboard and we prepare to leave with a N.N.W. wind of 15 - 20 knots. Our intention is to sail north east, taking advantage of the variable winds, until we are far enough east to safely drop down into the trade winds which blow anywhere from north-east to south-east.

This will be the longest ocean passage of the voyage so far and we allowed eighteen days from Miami to St. Lucia, a distance of just under two thousand miles.

Aboard are some new trainees and a new cook, Petra Eggert, who has taken over from Andrea Neil. Andrea very kindly filled in for us at short notice and has been a cheerful presence in the galley. She now moves her berth "before the mast" and becomes a fo'c's'le trainee. Petra is a veteran of two previous offshore voyages and soon settles into shipboard routine.

By 1130 we are off the Miami sea buoy and our pilot is taken off by the pilot launch. We hoist main, foresail, jumbo, and jib but by noon the wind has strengthened so we lower the jib and reef the main. Since the average speed of the Gulf Stream is two knots in a northerly direction, we shape a course well south of our intended destination - the North West Providence Channel in the Bahamas.

By nightfall, we are across the Strait and experiencing a lot of traffic - cruise ships and freighters.

*Saturday, January 25th*

The wind veers north and by morning we are able to hoist the jib and shake out the reef in the main.

Day's Run: 150 n.m.

*Sunday, January 26th*

Wind is now N.N.E. 10 - 12 knots and we are obliged to motorsail. We repair the main throat and peak lashings which have come adrift.

Day's Run: 133 n.m.

*Monday, January 27th*

Engine is off, then on again as the wind moves more to the east, and we are making very slow progress in our intended direction. After lunch we tack and head north looking for a favourable breeze.

Day's Run: a miserable 60 n.m.

*Tuesday, January 28th*

Sky is overcast and the wind is now E.S.E. We lower main and jib and motorsail under foresail.  
Day's Run: 90 n.m.

*Wednesday, January 29th*

We are beginning to wonder if we are ever going to make sufficient easting; however, the sun comes out and we get a light southerly breeze.

We lower jumbo and main before dark and motorsail through a clear, starlit night. During the night a flying fish comes in through the head window!

Day's Run: 133 n.m.

*Thursday, January 30th*

Wind alternates between N.E. and S.E., very light, so we head east under engine.

Day's Run: 164 n.m.

*Friday, January 31st*

Wind moves into the south and freshens. We set the 5 lowers and are making good speeds at times. As the wind veers S.S.W. and builds we lower the jib topsail before dark.

Day's Run: 132 n.m.

*Saturday, February 1st*

At 0400 we are romping along doing 7-8 knots with a clear, starlit sky. By 1000 we shorten sail and repair the main topping lift. After a brief rain squall the wind switches to the N.W. so we set our "downwind" rig: twin courses and square topsail.

Day's Run: 160 n.m.

*Sunday, February 2nd*

Move clocks ahead one hour. Beautiful sunny, warm day.

Day's Run: 149 n.m.

*Monday, February 3rd*

Slowing down a bit but making good easting.

Day's Run: 129 n.m.

*Tuesday, February 4th*

Wind goes light in the night so we lower sail and start the engine. Global Positioning System (G.P.S.) not working. By morning we set main, jumbo, jib, and fore topsail and kill the engine. We are in the trades at last!

Day's Run: 145 n.m.

*Wednesday, February 5th*

We are now using celestial navigation as we are not getting a position from our electronic G.P.S. 1600 G.P.S. back on!

We lower the fore topsail before nightfall.

Day's Run: 172 n.m.

*Thursday, February 6th*

We sight our first ship in several days; also, the loom of lights in Martinique are visible. At 0145 the eyebolt holding the main throat halyard block at the crossrees parts. We start the engine and lower the main.

0630 Land Ho! Martinique on the starboard bow. 1400 we moor stern to the dock in beautiful palm fringed Marigot Bay, St. Lucia.

*Friday, February 7th*

Day off to swim, relax, and explore the environs of Marigot Bay where the movie Dr. Doolittle was filmed.

*Saturday, February 8th*

1130 we cast off and set the five lowers, enjoying a good sail in the lee of St. Lucia. By 1430 we are tied up to the town wharf in Castries, the capital of St. Lucia, where the harbour master has very kindly allowed us to moor without charge.

*Sunday & Monday, February 9th & 10th*

Shore leave to explore the busy town of Castries and neighbouring beaches. Castries has been burned down twice and rebuilt so is a mixture of colonial architecture (quaint) and post-disaster buildings (drab); however, there are colourful fruit markets and local handicrafts to see.

*Tuesday, February 11th*

1000 we take on duty-free fuel (having obtained a clearance for Martinique) and are underway by 1215. We set 5 lowers and by 1530 we anchor under sail in the lee of Pigeon Island where we go ashore to examine the ruins of an old fort.

*Wednesday, February 12th*

0630 we weigh anchor under sail and make a fast passage across to Martinique where we anchor under sail at the main town of Fort-de-France.

The shops and restaurants are very Parisian and we get a chance to brush up on our French, although, having spent so long in Mexico and Central America, some of us find our sentences liberally spiced with "gracias'" and "si señor's".

*Thursday, February 13th*

1420 we weigh anchor under sail and move across to Anse Mitan, the main tourist area in Martinique with beaches, boutiques and cafes.

*Saturday, February 15th*

0630 we weigh anchor under sail (with a little assistance from the engine due to the proximity of several expensive yachts!). As the wind feels light in the lee of Martinique we motorsail and then find that once clear of the island, we need the assistance of the engine to lay our course for Dominica.

1445 we anchor in the lee of Dominica near the capital of Roseau. We are greeted by a slim and cheerful local named Roy who takes me to clear customs in his wooden skiff "Jesus is the Answer". We become good friends and arrange for a bus tour for all hands in the morning.

*Sunday, February 16th*

Roy provides two vans at a reasonable cost and we spend the day exploring the rain forests, waterfalls, beaches and Carib villages of Dominica. A highlight is a refreshing bath in the hot (sulphur) and cold waters of Trafalgar Falls.

*Monday, February 17th*

1000 hours we weigh anchor and make our way down the lee side of Dominica to Prince Rupert Bay at the north end. Some crew members elect to meet us there and walk, hitch-hike or bus the distance.

A river expedition in local rowing skiffs is undertaken by some "Swifties" and much excitement is generated when two of the guides capture a large anaconda snake.

*Tuesday, February 18th*

We experience a very windy crossing from Dominica to Guadeloupe and even under reefed main, foresail and jumbo we encounter one rain squall that heels the "Swift" so far over that the deck boxes on the port side are under the water! 1500 we anchor up off Point A Pitre, Guadeloupe.

That night we witness a dramatic fire in the downtown section not far from where the "Swift" is anchored.

*Wednesday, February 19th*

Shore leave to explore this second French Island and sample the cuisine. 2300 hours we weigh anchor in the dark as we have a long haul to Antigua, part of which is dead to windward.

*Thursday, February 20th*

0615 we are able to bear off so we set reefed main, foresail, jumbo and jib in a strong E.N.E. wind.

By 1400 hours we are entering English Harbour and by 1445 we are tied up stern-to at historic Nelson's Dockyard, Antigua. It was here that Horatio Nelson was stationed in 1874 under Sir Richard Hughes, who blinded himself in one eye while chasing a cockroach with a fork! Such are the hazards of life in tropical climes.

*Friday - Monday, February 21st - 24th*

Shore leave.

*Tuesday, February 25th*

0600 hours weigh anchors and cast off stern lines. Once clear of the harbour, we set courses and fore topsail for a fast downhill run to Nevis. By 1415 we are anchored off Charlestown, the capital, and once we've cleared customs we move to a spot off the beach in front of the new Four Seasons Hotel.

*Wednesday, February 26th*

We weigh anchor after breakfast and move to Tamarind Bay, where the day is spent in shoreside excursions.

*Thursday, February 27th*

0600 we weigh anchor and set reefed main, foresail and jumbo. By 1000 we lower jumbo and set the windward course making 9.5 knots in rain squalls. 1555 we are anchored in Marigot Bay, St. Martin which is the French "half"; the other side being Dutch with Philipsburg the port of entry.

During our visit, the Heineken Regatta is raced from Philipsburg to Marigot and we witness some exciting sailing (including the capsizing of a 100 foot catamaran!).

*Friday & Saturday, February 28th & 29th*

2240 we weigh anchor for an overnight run arriving in Road Town, Tortola the following day at noon. After clearing customs we move to a marina where we can use the showers, laundromat and swimming pool. We are now in the British Virgin Islands with plenty of anchorages and generally good trade wind breezes.

*Sunday, March 1st*

We plan to leave at noon but with 5 "Swifties" down with flu overnight we postpone our departure for a day.

*Monday, March 2nd*

1130 we cast off and under main (still reefed), foresail, jumbo and jib reach "The Bight" on Norman Island by 1320. All 3 dories are launched and we explore the caves nearby, managing to fit the 3 boats into one cave.

*Tuesday, March 3rd*

0920 we weigh anchor under sail, using the full mainsail for the first time since Dominica. Shortly after noon we are anchored in Deadman Bay on neighbouring Peter Island where we use the white sand beach for volleyball and the clear blue waters for snorkelling.

*Wednesday, March 4th*

We are underway after breakfast and stop for a couple of hours to visit "The Baths" on Virgin Gorda, a curious assortment of large boulders and salt water pools. Nightfall finds us secure to a dock at the northern end of Virgin Gorda at the Bitter End Resort where there are showers and free movies for all hands.

*Thursday, March 5th*

1000 we cast off and setting nearly everything we can, we make a fast passage to Trellis Bay on Beef Island.

*Friday, March 6th*

0900 we weigh anchor and set foresail and windward course for a downwind passage to West End, Tortola. Here we find the brigantine "Romance" hauled out on the marine railway for an extensive re-planking job. Some may recall that she was rigged by Allan Villiers and was used as the brig "Thetis" in the movie Hawaii.

The waters here are full of large sailing vessels, many of them engaged in the charter business, and it is quite a sight to see so many sails on the horizon ranging from small single-handed cruisers to large 3 masters.

*Saturday, March 7th*

We clear in at Cruz Bay, St. John, U.S. Virgin Islands and then move around the corner to lovely Caneel Bay, home of Rockefeller resort which is built on the site of an 18th century sugar plantation.

All three dories go ashore, the volleyball net is set up on the beach, and "Swifties" settle down to relax as energetically as possible.

*Sunday, March 8th*

Underway after breakfast, we are tied up to Yacht Haven Marina in St. Thomas by 1000 hours where three bags of mail are awaiting us.

*Monday, March 9th*

Shore leave.

*Tuesday & Wednesday, March 10th & 11th*

Two days of serious work undertaken by all hands. Our major task is wooding the bulwarks on both sides and refinishing them; also, topsides paints are touched up and the figurehead re-painted.

*Thursday, March 12th*

Day off.



*Friday, March 13th*

We fuel up and then set sail for Culebra, a small island just east of Puerto Rico where we are anchored up by 1330 hours.

*Saturday, March 14th*

0900 hours we weigh anchor for a lovely bay named Puerto de Manglar on Culebra where the dories go ashore to explore.

*Sunday, March 15th*

An early start at 0610 where we sail along the northern coast of Puerto Rico arriving in San Juan by mid-afternoon.

*Monday & Tuesday, March 16th & 17th*

A chance to explore the island of Puerto Rico (several Swifties rent jeeps) and old San Juan full of forts and old buildings.

*Wednesday, March 18th*

At 0615 we cast off and once clear of the harbour encounter some fast sailing on a broad reach.

*Thursday, March 19th*

We have a full moon overnight and by 1130 we are anchored in the Baie de Samana, Dominican Republic. This was not part of the original itinerary but with fast passages we had some time to spare and one of our trainees, Carleen Pickard, had spent a school year here as an exchange student and had been a great promoter of the island.

*Friday - Monday, March 20th - 23rd*

We spend time exploring the countryside and found prices cheap compared to the rest of the Caribbean. We had a special dinner ashore for all hands at the El Nautico restaurant in Samana since we had enjoyed a similar event on Leg One.

Unfortunately, two of our trainees, Stephen Mohan and Andrea Neil, got badly scraped up in a motorcycle accident and with Andrea's knee requiring several stitches it was decided to send her home for proper medical attention. Her cheerful face was greatly missed by her shipmates and especially the fo'c's'le crew.

*Tuesday, March 24th*

We weigh anchor at 1230 and encounter a lot of traffic once we round the northern tip of the Dominican Republic.

*Wednesday, March 25th*

Light S.E. winds so we set the courses and fore topsail. Sky overcast with a lot of sheet lightning at night.

*Thursday, March 26th*

0745 we anchor in Cockburn Harbour, South Caicos, where there are only inches under the keel at low water. We experience one of the few rainy days so precious to the Turks and Caicos islanders as this is their only source of fresh water.

*Friday, March 27th*

The crew enjoy snorkelling in the clear waters and trips ashore.

*Saturday, March 28th*

1450 we weigh anchor and enjoy a clear starlit night with light N.N.E. breezes.

*Sunday, March 29th*

We set all sail except the courses and Dave, Jim, Gavin and Connan launch a dory to get photographs of the "Swift" under full sail.

*Monday, March 30th*

At 1000 we anchor off Cockburn Town, San Salvador, Bahamas, reputedly near the beach where Columbus first set foot in the New World 500 years ago.

*Tuesday, March 31st*

0610 we get underway for Cat Island and by nightfall are anchored on the banks a couple of miles offshore in 2-3 fathoms of water.

From here on in we are going to be in very shoal waters throughout the Bahama Islands. 6 feet is considered a very generous draft for cruising here so we are severely limited with the "Swift's" 10 1/2 feet of depth.

*Wednesday, April 1st*

0915 we weigh anchor and pick our way across the banks accompanied by a school of porpoises until we are about half a mile from the beach in Old Bight, Cat Island. We row ashore in the 3 dories to spend a few hours on the 3 miles of deserted, white

sand beach.

After lunch we move to New Bight, 4 miles away for a visit to the "Hermitage" on top of the Bahamas highest "mountain" - 204 feet above sea level! The hermitage was built by an architect turned Anglican missionary turned Catholic monk and is a half-scale replica of European hermitages. Father Jerome lived there until his death in the late 1950's.

#### *Thursday, April 2nd*

0840 we weigh anchor and once off the banks set the main, foresail, and jumbo and motorsail up the east coast of Eleuthera.

#### *Friday, April 3rd*

We plan to enter the banks on the west side of Eleuthera through Fleeming Channel. There is one shoal patch of less than 2 meters and as this is not marked in any way and with the sky overcast and the G.P.S. temporarily on the blink, it requires careful positioning by ranges and bearings. With David as chief navigator and radar operator, Marg on handbearing compass, lookouts aloft and on the depthsounder we negotiate the entrance with some excitement and are relieved to find ourselves on the banks where the water is 5-7 meters on our chosen route.

Just before nightfall we enter the 90' cut into Hatchet Bay and shortly thereafter find ourselves stuck in soft mud. We take out a kedge anchor and then manage to stern out on a rising tide and are thankful to tie up to a cement wharf for the night with 12' at low water!

#### *Saturday, April 4th*

Day off to explore Eleuthera - known as the Scotland of the Bahamas - with gently rolling hills, caves and friendly people.

#### *Sunday, April 5th*

0700 we cast off and head back across the banks. The entrance to Nassau harbour from the east can be entered at low water carrying 8 foot draft. Since high tide the following day is 2.5 feet we prepare for some tricky navigation and spend the night in the lee of Rose Island about 4 miles from Nassau.

Talent night with skits and poems relieves our worries for a while.

#### *Monday, April 6th*

We have arranged for a local pilot to guide us in as, in addition to the shallow banks, this area is studded with coral heads with less than 6 feet of water over them at high tide. 0945 the pilot doesn't show up so with David once again on the radar, Marg on deck, 2 bow watches, 2 masthead watches, 1 depthsounder watch, 1 helmsman and myself at the con (but in reality busily engaged in reducing the length of my fingernails) we proceed.

Every course alteration has been indicated by David with radar ranges and bearings on the chart from conspicuous objects but a strong N.W. wind doesn't help matters; however, sans pilot we are safely tied to Nassau Yacht Haven at 1115 hours.

Least depth? 2 inches under the keel!

#### *Tuesday - Thursday, April 7th - 9th*

We spend our time catching up on ship's maintenance, paperwork, laundry and shopping before our return to Miami and North America.

#### *Conclusions*

The Caribbean has lived up to its reputation of having some of the clearest waters and best cruising grounds in the world; however, we found many of the harbours crowded and prices high as a result. Each island group is a different country so that the language, foods, and currency are constantly changing.

This year, cruising people were complaining of unusual weather patterns - blaming El Nino. Whether El Nino is in fact to blame we did discover unusually contrary winds on the first part of the leg as well as trade winds much further south than the pilot charts indicate. Consequently, we encountered some of the slowest and fastest passages of the voyage so far.

The crew and trainees have worked hard and well - pulling together in tough times. Their reputation for speedy workmanship is already the talk of the "yachties" and charter boats of St. Thomas where in 2 days they completely scraped, sanded and oiled 350 square feet of bulwarks in addition to refinishing the stern, figurehead and hull.

Martyn J. Clark  
Master, "Pacific Swift"

## LEG #4 - MIAMI TO KINGSTON, ONTARIO

### *Saturday, April 18th*

At 1830 hours the pilot comes aboard for our last departure from Miami. Crew and trainees number 28 - three shy of our full complement of 31; however, we are expecting Vic Suthren, director of the Canadian War Museum, to join us in Baltimore, and are hopeful that Andrea Neil may be able to return if her knee heals as well as anticipated.

By 2000 hours the pilot is away in the pilot launch and we hoist reefed main, fore and jumbo. We need the engine running to lay our course but it is a pleasant night passage with the wind dampening the ship's roll and the Gulf Stream giving us an extra push of two knots.

### *Sunday, April 19th*

By 0815 hours we are able to stop the engine and let the wind and the current carry us along. At 1600 hours we lower the mainsail to slow us down as we want to make St. Augustine in the daylight.

By evening the wind is S.E. at 25 knots and the seas are running about 10 feet high.

### *Monday, April 20th*

After midnight the wind dies and so at 0130 we start the engine and motorsail with the foresail sheeted in amidships.

The entrance to St. Augustine, Florida is not marked on the chart as the channel is constantly changing with gales and strong currents, so with some anxiety we identify the entrance buoys and with an eye on the depth sounder wind our way into the Intracoastal Waterway.

With one or two exceptions the Intracoastal Waterway (nicknamed the "ditch" by yachties) runs the length of the coast from New Jersey to Key West in sheltered waters, sometimes a mile or two and sometimes a matter of feet from the open Atlantic.

After passing through one opening bridge, we tie up at the municipal marina where we are greeted by Sam and Betty Anne Schlegel, S.A.L.T.S.' members. Sam very kindly assists us with solving our hydraulic brake problems and trainees and crew enjoy exploring St. Augustine, the oldest city in America (excluding Puerto Rico) with its Spanish architecture.

### *Tuesday, April 21st*

Shore leave.

### *Wednesday, April 22nd*

At 1120 we cast off for the longest run of this leg - around Cape Hatteras to Norfolk, Virginia.

The weather reports a storm at 25.8°N, 62.0°W, moving N.W. Though this is a bit early for a hurricane, we will keep an eye on it as there is always a possibility of an exception to the rule which decrees hurricane season as being May 15th to November 15th.

### *Thursday, April 23rd*

Clear, very light winds. Motorsailing under foresail and jumbo.

Day's Run: 170 n.m.

### *Friday, April 24th*

Wind veers west, light.

Day's Run: 168 n.m.

2000 hours we get a weather warning of severe thundersqualls so we lower the foresail and proceed under power.

### *Saturday, April 25th*

0020 hours we alter course to round Cape Hatteras. Seas rough.

Day's Run: 191 n.m.

We decide to enter Norfolk by night so with David on the radar, Marg and Jim identifying lights and traffic, and myself conning the helmsman we make our way cautiously through miles of traffic lanes and channels to tie up at Town Point in downtown Norfolk at 0130 hours, April 26th.

### *Sunday - Tuesday, April 26th - 28th*

Days off.

### *Wednesday, April 29th*

0700 we cast off and once clear of the shipping channels set sail for some camera shots being taken for the cover of a local yachting paper.

By 1500 hours the wind is 20 knots in the teeth so we lower sail and proceed under power.

*Thursday, April 30th*

0800 we tie up at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum in St. Michaels having dodged lobster pots and freighters all night.

*Friday, May 1st*

Open House at the museum.

*Saturday, May 2nd*

0700 we cast off and by 0900 are able to set main, fore, jumbo, jib, jib topsail and fore tops'l in a light S.W. breeze. We enjoy a pleasant sail into Annapolis, encountering a large fleet of racing boats en route.

*Sunday, May 3rd*

We host an open house at the Boat Show being held on the Annapolis waterfront. For the first time since leaving the Bahamas the weather is warm enough for shorts!

*Monday, May 4th*

After fueling we leave for the short run to Baltimore and by 1330 are tied up at the Ann Street Wharf in the old part of town. Our host, Ed Cane, is the proprietor of the local harbour ferries and he kindly issues free passes to all "Swifties" as well as arranging showers and a guided tour of the harbour.

The weather returns to the cold temperatures we have been experiencing for most of this leg and we are glad for the heat of the cabin stoves.

*Tuesday - Wednesday, May 5th - 6th*

Shore leave. David Eggert enjoys a day sail aboard the new "Pride of Baltimore II" which was built to replace the original "Pride" which sunk in 1986 during a severe squall while sailing in the West Indies.

All hands are invited to watch the new I-MAX film "Antarctica" in downtown Baltimore.

Vic Suthren also joins us here. Vic has arranged all the activities for the "Swift's" visit to Kingston and her subsequent involvement in Canada's 125th birthday celebrations in Ottawa.

*Thursday, May 7th*

We cast off at 0830 and encounter strong head winds for most of the day and overcast, bitterly cold weather.

By 1950 we are anchored up in the mouth of the Sassafraz River near the top end of Chesapeake Bay.

*Friday, May 8th*

The weather forecast is pretty gloomy so we decide to stay put. In strong winds and rain we put out a second anchor as we appear to be dragging a little in the stronger squalls.

*Saturday, May 9th*

0700 we weigh anchors in fog which lifts by 0900.

By 1200 we are through the Chesapeake-Delaware Canal and heading south to the mouth of the Delaware River.

2300 hours we round Cape May and are back in the Atlantic Ocean once again with fog, light rain, and lots of coastal traffic to keep things exciting.

*Sunday, May 10th*

1800 hours we enter Sandy Hook Channel on the western side of the entrance to New York's immense harbour. By 2130 we are passing the Statue of Liberty. The sun has set but there is still a glow in the western sky. All of New York and the Statue are lit up, and with the fog clearing away it is an impressive welcome to the big city.

At 2200 hours we tie up at the South Street Seaport Museum at the heart of Manhattan's financial and shopping district.

*Monday - Tuesday, May 11th - 12th*

Swifties greatly enjoy sampling the food and entertainment of New York. Many attend live Broadway musicals, scale the Empire State Building, watch baseball at Yankee Stadium, and visit the United Nations Building, the World Trade Center and Greenwich Village to name a few.

*Wednesday, May 13th*

At 1330 we cast off with fond memories of New York to catch slack water at infamous Hell Gate at the entrance to Long Island Sound.

We tie up briefly at Northport, Long Island, and then anchor off in deeper water as

there is insufficient water at low tide for a vessel of "Swift's" draught.

Northport is the picturesque village where Marg and I spent a month of our honeymoon aboard our schooner "Ayesha" on

our way south to the Virgin Islands in 1969. So it was with some nostalgia that we hunted up some of the people who had been so kind and hospitable to us some 23 years before and whom we had not seen since. After some difficulties with the telephone directory assistance, we managed to locate our old friends and arrange for a reunion at the next stop, Port Jefferson.

*Thursday, May 14th*

1230 hours we weigh anchor and proceed to Danford's Marina at Port Jefferson where we are the guests of the owners for the next two days.

*Friday - Saturday, May 15th - 16th*

Days off.

*Sunday, May 17th*

0700 we cast off and with no wind we power to an anchorage off Fisher's Island near the entrance to the Mystic River.

*Monday, May 18th*

0900 we weigh anchor for the winding, narrow passage up the Mystic River to Mystic Seaport Museum, arguably the finest maritime museum in the world.

By 1030 we are secured to a granite wharf next to the last wooden whaling ship the "Charles W. Morgan". Beyond the bowsprit is Allan Villier's famous little full-rigged ship, the "Joseph Conrad" and just around the point is the "Dunton", an original fishing schooner similar to our "Robertson II".

*Tuesday, May 19th*

We spend a day exploring the wonders of the museum and even sailing in some traditional small boats. We meet up with Kath Coldren (trainee on "Swift's" first offshore voyage and cook on the second) who makes a surprise visit along with her parents Mike and Pat Coldren. While Kath heads off to Mystic Pizza with the younger "Swifties", Mike and Pat bring some of us older crew members up to date on all the news from home.

*Wednesday, May 20th*

At 1100 hours we cast off and once clear of the river and shoal patches set the three lowers and motorsail in light airs. By 1740 we are tied up in Newport, Rhode Island, a yachting mecca and the former center of much of the America's Cup activities.

*Thursday, May 21st*

0600 cast off winds light. Under power all the way to Nantucket, former home of whaling ships and their crews, where we tie up at 1550 hours.

*Friday, May 22nd*

Shore leave.

*Saturday, May 23rd*

1000 hours we cast off. Sunny and calm. By 1515 hours a light breeze picks up and we set courses and square topsails.

1900 Cape Cod to port. As we alter course we lower the squares and set the 3 lowers (main, fore and jumbo). At 2000 hours we have mug up on deck with Vic Suthren on the guitar - an idyllic sail.

*Sunday, May 24th*

0600 - no wind. Lower sail and motor in to Boston tying up behind the U.S.S. Constitution just as the 0800 gun fires.

*Monday, May 25th*

Well treated by the crew of the "Constitution" who give us a guided tour of this oldest U.S. wooden sailing warship. (Still in commission though she only leaves the dock once a year.)

They provide free movies in the officers' lounge for "Swift" crew.

*Tuesday, May 26th*

0830 hours cast off to fuel up on the way out of the harbour at a 'gas' barge.

1200 hours wind E at 12 - 15 knots, sunny, first sight of whales.

*Wednesday, May 27th*

1000 hours hoist 3 lowers, motorsail as wind backs to N.E. We are now well into the Gulf of Maine heading for Nova Scotia. Cold! (48°F) and light rain.

Day's Run: 124 n.m.

*Thursday, May 28th*

Sky clearing by morning but still cold with a N.N.W. wind.  
1040 Land Ho! Baccaro Point, Nova Scotia, on the port bow. 1100 lower sails.  
Day's Run: 134 n.m.  
2145 anchor in Green Bay, Nova Scotia.

*Friday, May 29th*

0600 weigh anchor and proceed to Lunenburg where we clear customs. The "Swift" is back in Canada for the first time in 8½ months!

*Saturday, May 30th*

Lunenburg is a very picturesque town with a great fishing and boatbuilding history. ("Bluenose" and "Bluenose II" were built here.)

We meet the Kinley's of Lunenburg Foundry who have supplied wheels, windlasses and other gear for our ships and Arthur Dauphinee maker of deadeyes, hearts, and blocks for all 3 S.A.L.T.S.' vessels.

Many are intrigued with the fact that we still operate an east coast "Salt Banker" on the west coast.

*Sunday, May 31st*

0600 cast off.  
1220 we hoist all sail, including both topsails, and make a leisurely entrance to Halifax Harbour.  
1700 we secure to the dock at the Maritime Museum of the Atlantic.

*Monday, June 1st*

We say farewell to Vic Suthren who must return to Ottawa. We will see him again on July 1st as we participate in Canada Day celebrations, but the crew are genuinely sorry to see him go with his cheery presence, musical skills and gift of mimicry.

We welcome aboard Michel Marwood from Switzerland who will be with us for the rest of the leg.

*Tuesday, June 2nd*

All "Swifties" are invited to a barbeque at the home of Commodore and Mrs. Rob Preston, which is greatly enjoyed. (Daughter Heather is a trainee for Legs 3,4, and 5.)

*Wednesday, June 3rd*

We renew acquaintances with Bill, Stella, and Katie Lord who invite crew members they knew from Victoria home for a barbeque at their house on Whimsical Lake. Bill is a former board member of S.A.L.T.S. and was heavily involved in the building of the "Pacific Swift" at Expo '86 in Vancouver. It's great to see them again and catch up on all their news.

*Thursday, June 4th*

We take aboard 2 display cases provided by the Canadian War Museum, illustrating both the role of the museum and the "Swift", which we lash on deck. When folded down they look like 2 large deck boxes. At 0700 hours we cast off.

By 0930 we hoist the 4 lowers and the fore topsail in thick fog. As the wind lessens we hoist the main tops'l but by 1330 the wind is too light and we lower all sail and start up the engine.

*Friday, June 5th*

Calm and cold (4°C). The Canso Canal, between Cape Breton and mainland Nova Scotia, is closed so we have to take the long way round; however, by going through St. Peter's Canal and through the Bras D'Or Lakes we save a few miles.

1530 we are tied up in Baddeck, the former home of Alexander Graham Bell.

*Saturday, June 6th*

We take on fuel, kindly supplied on the weekend by Norman Bethune (a relative of the Canadian doctor who went to China), but with numerous gale warnings we stay put except for a day sail on the lakes with some of the local Baddeck residents as guests.

*Sunday, June 7th*

Gale warnings - stay at the dock.

*Monday, June 8th*

0830 cast off in thick fog. By noon we're off Bird Isles at the eastern entrance to the Bras D'Or Lakes.

Through the night we travel in intermittent fog and light traffic.

*Tuesday, June 9th*

0800 the fog lifts. 1935 hours we're tied up in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.

*Wednesday, June 10th*

We spend the day being interviewed by French and English television, C.B.C. radio and the local papers.

*Thursday, June 11th*

0555 we slip our mooring lines and enjoy a quiet run up the New Brunswick coast. In the night we encounter a big fleet of gill netters.

*Friday, June 12th*

Morning finds us off the entrance to the Bay des Chaleurs. We set sail in a freshening breeze but lower shortly thereafter as the wind dies out.

The Caraquet pilot, Clarence Savoie, comes out to guide us in and by 1330 we are tied up in the fishing harbour at Caraquet.

Buses are waiting on the dock and we are whisked away to the Town Hall where we are warmly greeted by the deputy mayor. Showers are laid on at the Fisheries School nearby, courtesy of Clarence, who is an instructor at the school.

*Saturday, June 13th*

We are bussed to the Acadian Village where we tour the site of many original homes and farm buildings with interpreters dressed in period costumes.

After supper several "Swifties" enjoy a swim at the pool in the Fisheries School.

*Sunday, June 14th*

0600 cast off. 0730 hoist the 4 lowers. 1000 engine back on. 1500 hoist all sail. 1700 back under power. 1800 tie up at the marina in Gaspé.

*Monday, June 15th*

We take on fuel at a nearby government dock and then return to the marina.

*Tuesday, June 16th*

0825 we cast off and once round the end of the Gaspé peninsula, make slow progress against the current and headwinds.

*Wednesday, June 17th*

We log a miserable day's run of 77 nautical miles and continue slow progress up the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

*Thursday, June 18th*

Making a little better speed. Calm and sunny. We sight a lot of whales and one white Beluga when abeam of the Saguenay River.

*Friday, June 19th*

0300 we pick up the first of the strong flood which carries us up to Quebec City, sometimes running at 9½ knots over the bottom.

1040 we pass through the lock and tie up at the inner basin, Quebec City.

*Saturday, June 20th*

We say farewell to David and Corinne who must fly home to take over the "Robertson II". We have greatly enjoyed their company and their expertise, and we will miss them for the remaining days in Leg #4.

*Sunday, June 21st*

0600 cast off to catch the first of the flood up through the Richelieu Rapids. 2145 we drop anchor behind buoy S114, just off the main channel.

*Monday, June 22nd*

0600 under way and by 1620 are tied up at Jacques Cartier Quay, Montréal, just ahead of the schooner "Bluenose II".

*Tuesday - Wednesday, June 23rd - 24th*

Harbour days.

*Thursday, June 25th*

0840 we leave the dock after being inspected for our transit of the St. Lawrence Seaway lock system. We spent several hours the day before "cockbilling" the "Swift's" yards so that they do not extend beyond the sides of the ship as some of the locks have a lift of 15 metres.

We have been warned to request a "slow fill" in the locks to avoid damage to the sides of the ship which can occur when thousands of tons of water rush in at great speeds.

Don Barr, Captain of the "Bluenose II" has kindly provided us with a number of heavy duty wooden fender boards to take most of the scraping up the sides of the rough cement walls of the locks.

By 1700 we are through the first 4 locks and anchored up in Lake St. Francis.

*Friday, June 26th*

We are under way by 0500 hours for the last 3 locks and by 1910 are tied up at Prescott, Ontario, where we are greeted by Guy and Rejéanne de Puyjallon, old friends and owners of the schooner "Tradition II", who whisk the Clark family to their home for hot showers and refreshments.

*Saturday, June 27th*

0600 we cast off and by 1300 are able to set all sail for the first time since entering the Gulf of St. Lawrence. We spend the afternoon tacking with trainees being in charge of all manoeuvres.

1530 we anchor under sail in Brakey Bay, Wolfe Island. A strong hail storm causes us to drag and obliges us to set a 2nd anchor.

Just before supper Maurice and Ruth Smith of the Marine Museum of the Great Lakes at Kingston sail in in their wooden Falmouth pilot sloop "Compass Rose II". Maurice rows over to welcome us and to tell us where to dock on our arrival at the museum.

*Sunday, June 28th*

0830 weigh anchor. 1045 tie up at the museum, Kingston. Many old friends are at hand to greet us and it is great to renew acquaintances, some of whom we have not seen for 10 or 12 years.

*Monday, June 29th*

Day off - crew members and trainees packing feverishly.

*Tuesday, June 30th*

Work day in preparation for Leg #5.

*Wednesday, July 1st*

Canada Day!

Our day starts at 0445 hours with an early breakfast. 0600 we board the bus for Dow's Lake where we are greeted by Vic Suthren and son Scott, who have a large war canoe and refreshments waiting. All told we are 28 crew members in one canoe as we paddle the remaining miles to Ottawa along the Rideau Canal. The sun shines and with a clear sky we arrive at the National Arts Centre in downtown Ottawa by 1000 hours.

We get a chance to stretch our legs before the official ceremonies start at 1200 on Parliament Hill. The Secretary of State, the Prime Minister, the Governor General and the Queen all arrive to the sound of numerous gun salutes, marching bands, choirs and overhead fly pasts. Canada's 125th Birthday is celebrated by numerous artists and dignitaries, including David Foster from Victoria, and by 1530 hours we are back in the canoe paddling over to the Quebec shore for a viewing of the IMAX film "Momentum".

The grande finale is a spectacular fireworks display at 2230 hours and shortly thereafter we are back on the bus, arriving in Kingston at 0230 hours, July 2nd.

*Conclusions:*

With the end of Leg #4, the first major portion of the '91 - '93 voyage is concluded. A complete changeover of the professional crew takes place in Kingston and more than half of the trainee crew is leaving.

It has been a tremendous experience and we have been very conscious of God's goodness to us as the "Swift's" keel has glided through many miles of Pacific and Atlantic waters: calms, storms, coral reefs, tropical heat and coastal fog.

I am thankful for the privilege of commanding such a stout vessel and for the opportunity of sailing with as fine a complement of crew members, professional and apprentice, as anyone could ask for.

Martyn J. Clark  
Master, "Pacific Swift"  
July 2, 1992



# LOG OF THE "PACIFIC SWIFT" PLYMOUTH, ENGLAND TO SEVILLA, SPAIN LEG #6

*The following is an account of the events that transpired aboard the "Pacific Swift" between the ports of Plymouth, England and Sevilla, Spain, September 2nd to October 15th, 1992.*

**September 4th at 0630 hours** Finally our weather in Plymouth has settled down sufficiently for us to depart. Since our arrival in England the weather has been very unsettled. Today dawned a beautiful day so we decided to leave England and make our way across the English Channel. As well as being a sunny day, the wind was blowing WNW at about 15 - 20 knots ideal for our crossing. Unfortunately, this direction of wind made for an uncomfortable passage for part of the way which was hard on our new trainees and their 'tummies'.

Traffic in the Channel is intense. At one point during the night we had 18 targets on the radar. We were thankful for traffic lanes which kept the flow somewhat orderly.

**September 5th at 0900 hours** We arrived in Douarnenez, a small fishing village known for its love of wooden boats. We were encouraged to stop here by friends we met in Falmouth and Plymouth, being warned that the "Swift" may get lost in a big city such as Brest. Douarnenez is south of Brest on the NW coast of France.

**September 6th - 9th** Shore leave in Douarnenez. We had a great visit in this small French town. Sunday morning most of us attended a service at the church of Ploare. It is a 450 year old cathedral with incredible vaulted ceilings, intricate stained glass windows, and comfortable quaker-style wicker chairs as pews.

On the evening of the 7th we had mug-up in a cave formed out of the rock cliffs of a beach, which Chris and Freya had come across the evening before. The walk to the cave took about an hour and was incredibly beautiful. The trail took you first through an old deserted fishing village dating to the 13th century. There were only a few buildings remaining but the site was very picturesque perched up on a grassy hill overlooking the harbour and Douarnenez. The path then wound through small meadows and past some more recent stone buildings where grapes were hanging from their vines, well within reach. Once through the meadows and trees the path descended to a beach similar to Long Beach on Vancouver Island. At the far end of the beach was the cave. Inside the cave, once your eyes became accustomed to the dark, you became aware of how large the cavity really was, easily big enough for the "Swift's" compliment. After a thoughtful time of singing, Dorothy read from the Hornblower book series; it was quite a setting with the sea just visible through the entrance of the cave.

**September 10th at 0930** We sailed off our mooring and began a wonderful day of sailing. We are now watching our weather very closely and waiting for a break that will enable us to make our crossing of the Bay of Biscay, a notoriously nasty place. As the weather is forecasted to be foul we've decided to change our scenery and move to another anchorage. We chose Camaret, another small fishing village on the outskirts of Brest's harbour entrance. Once anchored, we were greeted by two Frenchmen, who insisted we move to Brest where they promised to welcome us and arrange our moorage. This began one of the warmest receptions we've encountered in Europe. The two Frenchmen, Guy and Yann are involved in building a replica of a ship similar in design and from the same time period as the "Pacific Swift". They had been following us around the coast for the entire day having just missed us in Douarnenez. Their vessel's name is the "Recouvrance", and is at the stage the "Swift" was when she left Expo '86: hull, decks and trunk cabins. We were warmly welcomed and hospitably treated during our time there. Brest was just recovering from hosting the largest gathering of traditional wooden boats in the world. This was held in July of this year. Still we had many visitors down to the dock and more than once received the comment that the "Swift" was the most beautiful wooden ship they had seen. Congratulations to everyone who had a part in the construction of the "Swift". She is marvelled at wherever she travels.

**September 12th at 1700 hours** After saying goodbye to many new friends we slipped our lines and headed out for our Bay of Biscay crossing, weather looking good for the next couple of days; full moon, calm seas and light winds. Our friends saw us off with waves and gifts of crepes, cake, butter cookies and sweets.

**September 13th** As the wind is light and close to our course we are motor sailing. This we don't particularly mind after some of the horror stories we'd heard about Biscay. Skies clear and temperature warm.

*Day's run: 150 nautical miles*

**September 14th** Again, today dawned with light WSW winds so we continued to motor. Shipping traffic here in the Bay rivals that of the English Channel. On average, there are 3-4 ships on the radar. "Vigilance" is the word of the month aboard the "Swift".

*Day's run: 148 nautical miles*

**September 15 at 0700** Hove to off La Coruña, northwest Spain. We spruce up the "Swift" before entering and wait for dawn. We anchor off La Coruña's yacht club at 100 hours.

**September 16th** La Coruña is a large city boasting 250,000 people, quite dirty and smoggy. Because of this we shortened our stay to one day which was enjoyed by all in various ways: some toured the town, some made their way to the oldest lighthouse in the world, Torro de la Hercules.

**September 17th** After having to disentangle our two fouled anchors, we were off to Finistère. The anchors had fouled on an unmarked mooring line and cable during our stay. We motor sailed along a very rugged coastline which appeared theatrical with huge towering cliffs and jagged rock outcroppings.

**September 18th at 0130 hours** We anchored off Finistère's breakwater and waited for morning to explore. At daylight we woke to find colourfully painted fishing skiffs all around us, hauling up scampi traps by hand. The boats resemble those one sees frequently in Greece.

**September 19th at 0845** We sailed off our anchor with a wonderful westerly breeze and headed south to two picturesque islands with "brown sugar-like" sand beaches.

1750 hours with most hands busy we anchored under sail at Islas Cies, Spain.

**September 20th** Today was spent at the beach or climbing some of the rough peaks found on the island. Some trainees shyly stumbled upon a very European sunbathing beach. Oops...sorry. Excuse me! It was chalked up to a cultural experience.

**September 21st** We weighed anchor at 0920 hours and again anchored in a small town nearby at 1140 hours. After moving to a dock at the local marina, everyone spent the day exploring Bayona, which is located about 55 miles south of the northwest tip of Spain. We are once more waiting for weather to carry us comfortably on our next two day passage to Lisboa, Portugal.

**September 22nd at 1250 hours** Slipped our lines from Bayona. With light westerly winds, we motor sailed for most of the day. The motion initially was very rolling. At 2000 hours we caught a 20 lb. tuna which was very much enjoyed by all. Shortly after our catch we were surrounded by a very large pod of pilot whales, which remained with us for about half an hour.

**September 23rd** Engine is off and we are making 7 knots with a westerly breeze of 15 - 20 knots.

**September 24th at 0100 hours** Lowered courses and made our way to an anchorage area located just outside of Lisboa, at a small town called Cascais. At 1000 hours we weighed anchor and headed up the Rio Tega, Lisboa being situated on its north and south banks.

Lisboa is well known for its spectacular architecture. We were introduced to it immediately as we entered the river. We could see ancient towers, monuments and cathedrals. Lisboa, being the capital of Portugal and having one of the largest and most protected harbours on this coast, has been a centre for maritime exploration for centuries. The "Swift" tied up at the Doca de Alcantara, a very protected, inner basin located in the heart of the city.

**September 25th, 26th, and 27th** Days in Lisboa were spent touring the city and visiting palaces, maritime museums, monuments and some of the most beautiful and ornately decorated churches we've seen so far during this voyage. We also had a 60's dress up and celebrated Ingrid Fossum's 'sweet sixteenth' birthday.

**September 28th at 1400 hours** Slipped lines and cleared Lisboa harbour around 1600 hours. Just prior to leaving the river one of our trainees, Nancy, discovered a stowaway. During our stay in Lisboa, a rat had somehow managed to climb aboard. Thankfully, the "Swift" for its size, is too well-populated for any extra visitor to go unnoticed for too long. On clearing the river, our friend decided it was time for a breath of fresh air, left his hiding place in the funnel box and went for a deadly stroll. I admit, I did feel somewhat sorry for this little rodent as it ran with 10 trainees hot on its tail, well armed with deck brushes and mallets. In the end he was forced to take a mortal leap from the scuppers. Several trainees commented later that this episode was the closest they had come to "Hockey Night in Canada" since leaving home.

**September 29th** We caught another tuna today but soft-hearted Chris decided to set it free. Life aboard the "Swift" continues on during our passages from port to port. We have trainees studying at all levels of our program. As well, there are many varied projects on the go including hand constructing ditty bags, scrimshawing and clothes washing. Our daily work watch from 1300 - 1500 hours is busy sanding, varnishing and painting. It seems more difficult to get into an offshore routine when the times at sea are so short, nevertheless our clubs are still active (i.e. classical music, classical literature, poetry) and helping to keep us together. Cathie Lamont has been developing a great choir during Legs 5 and 6. Each Sunday service we are treated to 2 -3 pieces sung by our growing choir.

At 1700 hours we anchored off a tiny Portuguese fishing village called Baleeira. Situated on the very picturesque Algarve coast, Baleeira is well-frequented by mainly German tourists. Beautiful beaches as well as the neglected compass rose in the courtyard of Henry the Navigator's castle were some of the sights enjoyed here.

**October 2nd** We weighed anchor at 0930 hours, set sail and launched a dory to take some photos. Unfortunately, the wind immediately died, so we lowered sail and had a wonderful swim stop. Continued under power and at 1400 hours we anchored inside the breakwater at Portimao, located on Portugal's south coast.

**October 3rd** After resetting an anchor that had dragged this morning, fifteen trainees had the pleasure of visiting "El Rocha"; a bird field study centre. The people working at "El Rocha" are Christians and very friendly and hospitable. Their aims are similar to S.A.L.T.S. They invite students locally and internationally to come and study in this family-oriented context. Later that day, our friends from "El Rocha", a husband and wife with two of their 4 children, came for a boisterous dory ride out to the boat for a visit.

**October 4th** Weighed anchor at 0200 hours so our approach to the Guadalquivir River would be during daylight. Our sail from Portimao to the entrance was very boisterous. Starting with a 15 - 20 knot north wind we were reduced to jumbo, foresail and trysail with winds up to 40 knots. Again, the wind died at the river mouth where we anchored off and made arrangements for our pilot to join us first thing in the morning.

**October 5th at 0800** We weighed anchor with a pilot aboard and started our trip upriver towards Sevilla, about 55 miles. Travelling up the river was a very unique experience, one almost had the feeling one was in Africa, with very flat, dry surroundings. We passed groves of eucalyptus trees with egrets and storks making their homes in the shade. Ten miles from Sevilla we saw very Mediterranean looking villages scattered along the river's edge. After negotiating 2 bridges and a lock, we entered Sevilla harbour and tied up about 1 mile south of Expo '92.

All Swifties had the chance to visit Expo '92, which is probably three times larger than Expo '86 in Vancouver. We were granted easy access passes to the Canadian Pavilion which was great, as it was the most popular presentation and boasted 7 - 9 hour long waits in the last days of the fair.

The remaining days of Leg 6 were spent touring Sevilla and marvelling at the most incredible architecture in the world. Very near to the dock where the "Swift" is tied up, stands the legacy of Expo '29. Many of the buildings used for pavilions during this earlier Expo are still remaining and now are being used for various purposes. Again, the detailed design and ornamentation of those buildings were well worth a visit.

Once more we've arrived at the difficult time of a leg ending. This particular one seems more difficult probably in that we are changing crew members as well as trainees. Please pray for those crew and trainees who are leaving and for the new ones joining us. These are the people that have made and are still making the "Swift's" time in Europe a lifetime experience.

Thank you and God bless all who have sailed aboard for Leg 6.

Tony Anderson,  
Master, "Pacific Swift"

LOG: PACIFIC SWIFT

The following is an account of the events that transpired aboard the Pacific Swift during leg 7 Sevilla Spain to Grenada West Indies.

After a night of reading the leg 6 log and having one last mug up together, we reluctantly said good-bye to trainees departing in Sevilla.

All leg 7 trainees arrived safely on the 16th of October and began to set up their own spaces aboard. Some of leg 6 and 7 trainees were treated to a historical walking tour of old town Sevilla. This tour was conducted by our friend and Expo site coordinator Richard Blagorne who, by the way, did a fabulous job of the site. He made the ancient city streets, buildings and history vividly come alive. Many thanks to Richard for his time.

Once our exorbitant bills for docking and pilotage were reconciled we were free to depart. On October 18 at 0850 our pilot boarded and we began our trip down the Guadalquivier River. We had a rainy passage to the mouth of the river which was a complete contrast to the sunny upbound trip. All enjoyed it nevertheless. 1510 anchored just north of the town of Bonanza.

Oct.19

Again we are keeping our ears to the radio as the weather outside the river has been very unsettled. Due to contrary winds of 40-50 knots we decided to stay anchored for today. We are anchored off of a national wildlife park so each morning we see deer and wild boar wandering the beaches.

Oct.20

1100 we cleared the river mouth and shaped our course for the Madeiras 650 miles to the SW. We have decided not to venture south to Morocco due to strong westerly winds and safety concerns voiced by Spanish authorities. Weather is misty with winds of 20-25 from the west. We are also encountering a lot of traffic inbound or outbound from the straits of Gibraltar.

Oct.21

Light winds most of the day with a squally horizon in the late afternoon. We replaced the mainsail with the trysail in anticipation of gusty weather.  
Days Run: 133 nautical miles

Oct.22

Today was spent dealing with squall after squall. Midday found us under trysail, fore sail and jumbo with west winds of 40 knots. With all the excessive motion we tried our best to enjoy a great birthday party for an anonymous skipper. Squalls on average every 3-4 hours.  
D.R. 135

Oct.23

Wind down to 30 knots today but still very gusty. Our motion was reduced due to the fact that we could now bear off and reach toward Porto Santo, the north-easternmost of the Madeira Islands.  
D.R. 138

Oct.24

0130 sighted the loom of Porto Santo's light, a welcome sight after a very uncomfortable passage. Skies mainly clear and winds at 20 knots NE. 0930 tied up to commercial dock.

Oct.24,25,26

After being royally welcomed by the officials ashore we enjoyed showers, swimming, visits to the local ice cream establishments and also to Christopher Columbus' house. Apparently Columbus lived on Porto Santo for a period and his place of residence remains, now converted into a museum.

We were also introduced to the local treat which is a chicken barbecue at a site on the NE side of the island. All swifties attended a superb "barby" where we cooked chickens over an open fire while enjoying a panoramic ocean view and sipping our samples of world famous Madeiran wine. I should probably explain a bit further: We had been told by all who knew of our visit to Madeira that their dessert wines are world famous, so we bought three bottles of different wines and each had a taste while playing the part of a connoisseur.

Oct.27

1100 slipped lines and with light winds motored to Madeira Island itself, which lies 25 miles to the SW of Porto Santo. With very restricted docking and virtually no space available to anchor, Steve K. and Cathie L. managed to befriend Mario, a ferry captain who welcomed us to tie alongside his ferry which is slightly smaller than Victoria's Coho ferry. Mario was a delight; he provided evening espresso, a "Jacob's ladder" for us to climb up the side of his ferry with and also full use of his dining lounge for Elizabeth Anderson's sixth birthday party. Many thanks to Mario and his crew aboard the 'Lusitania'.

Oct.28,29,30,31 Nov.1

These days were spent exploring a very special island. Besides having a very distinctive culture, Madeira's geography and terraced hillsides were exciting to explore either on foot or by car. One evening was spent enjoying a chamber orchestra and piano concert. We were treated to Beethoven and Schubert at the free performance.

Nov.2

After taking water and saying our last good-byes to Mario and his crew, we slipped our lines at 1430 and shaped our course southward toward the Canary Islands 350 miles south of Maderia and only 80 miles off the African coast.

Nov.3

Weather is partially overcast with squally winds again.

D.R. 130

Nov.4

After passing two freighters at 0130 the wind began to calm down again and at 0800 we sighted Lanzarote, the north-easternmost island of the Canaries. We anchored in Playa Blanca at 2000 on the south end of Lanzarote.

Nov.5,6

At 1100 we moved from our anchorage to a berth offered us inside the breakwater. Lanzarote seemed to be a mini-Germany due to the numbers of German tourists we encountered there.

Nov.7

0945 slipped lines and after a short sail we anchored for the afternoon off of Lobos island, a small uninhabited island south of Lanzarote. After supper we weighed anchor and began our night run to Grand Canaria, 95 miles to the east.

Nov.8

1145 anchored off of the yacht marina in Las Palmas harbour. Las Palmas used to be a coaling station in the early days of shipping and still today is a large shipping port for the area. Very busy.

It was here we were introduced to the many boats and crews that make the Canaries a jump-off point to begin their Atlantic crossing. This year was especially busy because of the America 500 group which consisted of 160 yachts retracing Columbus' track across the Atlantic. As well as this group there were boats from the ARC race, an annual yacht race across the Atlantic. And, if that wasn't enough, there were all the other boats just crossing on their own, who, like us somehow managed to get mixed up in this mass of plastic and hightech gear. Oh well, it was exciting and we met many people during our time there.

Nov.11

0830 after fueling we cast off and began one of the most exciting days of sailing we've had for quite a while. With prime conditions we spent most of the afternoon trimming sails and averaging 11-12 knots. Swift was flying and everyone on board realized it. As evening approached the wind continued to rise, so with strong following winds we lowered main and continued under square sails for the night.

Nov.12

At midnight we were forced to clew up the fore topsail as winds were now over 30 knots and seas were at 15 feet.  
D.R. 195 (Swift's best since Lunenburg!)

Nov.13

We are heading for Sal which is the north-easternmost island in the Cape Verde group. These islands lie 350 miles west of NW Africa. Had to motor today due to light winds.  
D.R. 140

Nov.16,17

0930 Anchored off of Palmeria on the NW coast of Sal. Cape Verde has a very African flavour. Its geography makes one feel that the Sahara desert is not far away and most of the people are of African descent. Cape Verde gained its independence from Portugal in 1975 and all in Cape Verde are proud of this fact. In the town of Palmeria we went to visit an elementary school to sing some songs and play with the children. Glen gave a bubble show as well which was very well recieved.

Nov.17

Moved to the south end of Sal to Santa Maria where beaches, body surfing and volley ball were among the main attractions.

Nov.18

1600 weighed anchor and began a night run to the island of Saint Vincent.

Nov.19,20,21

We anchored off the town of Mindelo at 1330 on the 19th. Making friends with the locals as well as with our neighboring yachties and sharing a few songs at an evening church service in town were among the highlights during our stay in Mindelo.

Nov.22

0845 weighed anchor and after a short swim stop outside of the harbour, we began our second crossing of the North Atlantic. Winds were calm and we were reluctantly motoring.

Nov.23

Wind began building slowly today and at 1630 we set main and all squares, though not, of course, before enjoying another swim stop.  
D.R. 140

Nov.24

Making good speed with clear skies and moderate seas.

D.R. 142

Nov. 25

Our swim stops are almost becoming a daily occurrence. Today we tried heaving-to under sail which worked very well, and thus seemed a good excuse to have another swim stop. This was much enjoyed by everyone as the temperatures are quite warm now, 28-30°C, with water temperatures at about 26°C.  
D.R.142

Nov.26

Wind and sea both increasing in strength and size. Skies mainly clear.

D.R. 165

Nov.27

Wind averaging 15-20 knots from the NE. We are now following our great circle route from Cape Verde to Barbados. To add to the excitement of the crossing, Thomas Leuecamp has initiated a "crossing raffle". The cost to enter is one dollar U.S. and a piece of "stash" (personal junk food supply). Guesses for our crossing time are made in days and hours. First prize is the cash, second prize takes the stash.

D.R. 145

Nov.28

0400 small fishing vessel sighted this morning but no communication made. Wind, sea and temperature steady.

D.R. 157

Nov.29

With an increase in wind to 20-25 we had a great day of sailing. Last night all enjoyed our "talent night" which was reminiscent of our first Atlantic crossing.

D.R. 180

Nov.30

Wind still up at 25 knots from the ENE. Sea is now building to 18-20 feet. Mainly clear skies.

D.R. 190

Dec.1

We are now trade wind sailing with steady winds and mainly clear skies. Contact with home has been very consistent lately over the Ham. We made numerous phone patches and have been kept abreast of the latest news from home. Thanks to all the Hams involved thus far.

D.R. 160

Dec.2,3,4

More of the same warm temperatures and steady winds interspersed with the odd fresh tuna. All on board are busy studying different things: intermediates, seniors or celestial navigation. As well, our clubs are still meeting periodically and work watch continues daily. People often ask if an ocean passage is boring and "how do you keep busy out there day after day?" It's impossible to describe how active everyone really is.

D.R. Dec.2 160 Dec.3 165 Dec.4 170

Dec.5

At 0105 we sighted the lights on Barbados and lowered courses to help slow Swift down so as not to have to make our landfall in darkness.

0800 Made contact with Barbados signal station and were requested to tie up to the breakwater in the deep water harbour. We decided to stay the night and take advantage of the water hose for showers.

Dec.6

0900 Slipped lines and moved to anchor at Carlisle Bay. We were fortunate to be anchored off a beautiful white sand beach complete with snack bar and showers.

Dec.6,7,8

Days on Barbados were spent touring the island and small town known as Bridgetown. Some enjoyed skuba diving on the local wrecks. One of the local shipping pilots befriended the Swift and invited all swifties to his beach side home for hamburger barbecue. Randal the pilot was very hospitable during our stay in Barbados.

D



Dec.9

After clearing with the authorities we slipped lines and began our night run to Bequia at 1915. Bequia is a small island located in the Grenadines, a small cluster of islands and reefs north of Grenada. During the night we were treated to a full lunar eclipse.

Dec.10

0900 sailed into Admiralty Bay in Bequia Island and anchored by 1030 AM. Bequia is a sleepy island which boasts a rich history of wooden schooner building. Unfortunately few if any schooners are being constructed here today, but we were able to see some being restored near the beach. More diving, snorkling, ice cream tasting and coconut collecting kept us busy here.

Dec.12,13

0930 weighed anchor under sail and made our way south to the Tobago Cays, a group of small islands surrounded by numerous reefs. Great snorkling, volleyball and lobster dinners were enjoyed by all.

Dec.14

0845 weighed anchor under power and proceeded to Union Island 10 miles south of Tobago Cays. We needed to stop here to clear out of the northern Grenadines. 1030 anchored in Chatham Bay.

Dec.15

Shore leave for the explorers and day trip for the divers and snorklers.

Dec.16

0845 weighed anchor under power and with light winds continued underpower to St. Georges, Grenada. Our seniors were in charge for this passage, so they had to have rotating skippers and mates throughout the day. 1630 anchored with a stern line to shore in St. Georges harbour.

Dec.17-27

These last days were spent preparing for Christmas which seemed to be approaching very rapidly. All were busy finishing off their hand-made gifts. We also had rotational baking teams who helped to relieve some of the cook's load. Thanks to Glen and Tracey we were able to enjoy a wonderful Christmas dinner complete with turkey and all possible trimmings.

We spent these last days comfortably anchored in the picturesque harbour of St. Georges. We were fortunate enough to be able to use the showers at our shipping agents office, only a three minute walk from the Swift. I must admit though that showering there was quite an experience as our agent's office doubled as a funeral home and the coffins were stored across the hall from the showers. One wonders about the alternate purposes for the suspiciously large shower.

We all enjoyed one of the most relaxed Christmases spent on the Swift. Beautiful gifts were hand made for everyone. Baking and dinners were fabulous. On Christmas eve we went carolling in a 1950's jalopy style truck which took us all over St. Georges. There were 30 of us jammed in the back with flashlights and carol sheets.

As leg 7 comes to an end it is not without mixed feelings; the sadness that comes with family good-byes along with the joy and relief of completing another safe crossing of the North Atlantic.

Again, thank you so much to all those who have made this leg a once in a life-time experience for so many.

God bless to all who have returned home after this leg.

Tony Anderson  
Master, Pacific Swift

LOG PACIFIC SWIFT

The following is an account of the events that transpired aboard the Pacific Swift during leg 8 between the ports of St. Georges Grenada and Balboa Panama.

Jan. 18

Clear weather, light traffic and warm temperatures.

D.R. 190

Jan. 19

We are on a course which will lead us to a point about 200 miles off the Columbian coast. Stories of piracy and large seas are looming in the back of our minds. Today was a very exciting day as Swift set a new daily record. She sailed 213 miles in the last 24 hours. Congratulations Swift and Swifties.

Jan. 20

Today was another high mileage day at 203 nautical miles and a great day as well to celebrate Bonice's birthday. Midday we reduced sail to a reefed topsail alone in hopes of slowing Swift down and making a daylight landfall at Cristobal. As it turned out we had to heave to off of the breakwaters at midnight and wait for dawn. I think the Pacific Swift is getting anxious to return to the Pacific as we can't slow her down.

Jan. 21

0815 anchored in Cristobal Harbour.

Jan. 21-22

These days were spent waiting for an opening in the endless line-up of ships passing through the canal.

Jan. 23

Our pilot boarded at 0530 and we were underway for the first of the Gatun locks shortly after.

Our Atlantic to Pacific transit was complete with a fresh water swim and six safe lockings. We all let out a rousing cheer as the last lock opened its gates to allow us to once again<sup>to</sup> sail the Pacific. It really does feel like home.

1630 tied to mooring outside Balboa Yacht Club.

Jan. 24,25,26

The last days of leg 8 were spent with departing friends that have been together aboard for a long time, some since Plymouth. Trips were made into Panama City for needed items (Coke, M&Ms. etc.) All this was done by taxi as it is unsafe to walk the streets due to crime.

This leg has gone very quickly for most of us. Even though it has been a short leg we all have many memories that will stick with us forever. Home seems so close now, only four months away. Pray for us aboard as we travel the remaining 9000 miles between us and you.

God Bless,

Tony Anderson  
Master Pacific Swift

Dec.29,1992

After taking care of some last minute details we weighed anchor under sail and made our way out of St.Georges harbor before a 15-20 knot trade wind. We even had an escort for this departure as Jake Soule's and Kathy Garland's parents accompanied by Mel Sawyer's dad followed us out of the harbor in a hired launch, snapping last photos and waving good-bye.

Our course was set for Bonaire, the first of the ABC Islands. The ABCs are a small group of islands known as the Netherland Antilles whose inhabitants are of primarily Dutch descent. ABC stands for Aruba, Bonaire and Curacao. They are all positioned roughly 80 miles north of Caracas in Venezuela. We chose not to go to Venezuela due to political reasons and expensive visas.

Dec.30

A great start to this leg with a 20 pound Dorado being landed on deck at 1600.

Day's Run:135

Dec.31

We're getting used to this downhill feeling as the wind is still behind us and that makes for a bit of a roly ride. Trade winds are still very consistant and are now slightly stronger as January approaches. At 1800 we sighted Bonaire's east coast and continued around the south end to our destination on the west side of the island.

Believe it or not, we were tied up and cleared in by the officials by 23:45! Fifteen minutes later all of the city of Kralendijk broke loose with New Year's celebrations and fireworks.

Jan.1

For us aboard Swift the New Year began on beautiful Bonaire. Bonaire is a very flat, dry, yet strikingly beautiful island. Holland became interested in Bonaire in the 1700's as the island is perfectly suited for the production of salt. Bonaire is also known all over the world as a diver's paradise. Everything below the water around the island to a depth of 200 feet is protected by law and because of this we spent many hours snorkling and diving amongst some of the most wonderful scenery and crystal clear waters ever experienced by anyone aboard.

All of the ABC islands are quite different from the rest of the Caribbean in terms of their tidyness. All buildings and streets are well maintained and everywhere seems spotlessly clean. Bonaire was especially so.

During our stay Swifties were non-resident guests at a local hotel and enjoyed poolside privileges. We also did road trips to Bonaire's National Park in the north to view parrots and flamingos in the wild.

Jan.7

0630 we sailed off the dock and reluctantly waved good-bye to the town of Kralendijk. After a day sail we tied up in Willemstad, Curacao. Willemstad has about 180 thousand people so it was another busy city for us.

Our cooks did their leg-end shop here rather than in Panama due to the great selection and prices, so we were kept busy stowing groceries which would last us until Hawaii. Swift's rig was also tuned and her hull painted.

Jan.17

0700 slipped lines and headed out for our 700 mile passage to Cristobal Colon on the east side of Panama. Little did we know what was to lie ahead. We had known during the planning of this leg two years ago that it was going to be a fast, boisterous one due to strong trade winds and large seas all piling up in the Caribbean basin. We indeed managed to get both.



LOG: PACIFIC SWIFT

The following is an account of the events that transpired aboard the Pacific Swift between the ports of Balboa, Panama and Hawaii, Honolulu.

## Log: Pacific Swift

The following is an account of the events that transpired aboard the Pacific Swift during Leg 9 between the ports of Balboa, Panama and Hawaii, U.S.A.

Hello again to family and friends at home. It has been a while since you've been updated about the Swift's adventures in the glorious Pacific. I am going to take the liberty of changing the traditional log format slightly in hopes of giving you more details about the past three months. Instead of recounting the voyage day by day I am going to break it down into island groups and ocean passages.

### Panama to Galapagos: January 28 to February 3

After saying goodbye to old trainees at 0500 and welcoming the new trainees aboard we were ready to once again venture out into the Pacific. On the 28th we took on water at the Balboa yacht club and then departed at 1300. A wonderful breeze was blowing out of the east, an overflow from the trades in the Caribbean, and for the first two days we had winds of about 15-25 knots. During this time we set only squares as the wind was dead astern, but even so on the 29th Swift set a new 24 hour record and logged 220 miles. We all cheered with the last official measurement on the chart. Unfortunately on the morning of the 30th our wind disappeared and we were forced to set the 'iron jib', so at 0430 we started the engine and began motoring. Really this is the first time since Spain that we have had to rely on the engine for other than port arrivals and departures. We did not mind though as the sea was calm and so was the Swift's motion.

February 1st was a big day as we had two unexpected visitors, King and Queen Neptune (alias Steve Kroeker and Tracey Smith). The traditional 'crossing the line' ceremony was carried out with its regular sticky, slimy disgusting initiations into the lime honored shellback community. Swift crossed the equator at longitude 85°30' west.

Forty miles out of Galapagos we had an extraordinary display by a group of playful dolphins at 0200. At 1000 we anchored up in Academy Bay on the island of Santa Cruz.

### Galapagos: Feb.3-Feb.10

We enjoyed a wonderful stay in the Galapagos Islands during this voyage. We were welcomed there by friends that we had made on our previous voyage and were treated royally. Our first 20 minutes in Santa Cruz were quite discouraging, however, as the port captain came out to the Swift just after we had anchored and advised us that we had to be gone within the next 24 hours. Fortunately though, after visting some friends ashore and befriending the port captain we were given a three day pass to stay which was later extended to eight days.

During our stay we were reunited with our Italian friend Furio Valbonesi who had so warmly welcomed us during our last visit. Trainees were treated to a day at Furio's farm. This consisted of first touring his own private lava tunnel which was about 1/4 of a mile long, thirty feet in diameter and about sixty feet underground. Furio had built bridges and stairways throughout the tunnel which is illuminated by electric lights. It was a truly fascinating experience. After the tunnel tour we were invited back to the chalet-type farm house to sit on the balcony and look out over the highlands beyond. A gourmet lunch was served and we then were able to mount one of the saddled horses outside and visit those beautiful highlands we had been admiring. "Come back whenever you like" shouted Furio as we headed off into the dense Galapagos highland forest.

As well as the experience at Furio's the trainees enjoyed diving with sea lions, sea turtles and iguanas as well as visits to colonies of blue, yellow and red footed booby birds. Still the favorite was the giant tortoises known in Spanish as the galapagos". These are fascinating beasts who live to the ripe old age of 200 years. All had a chance to visit the Darwin Research Station and see the work being done with the fourteen different species of tortoises found in the islands.

During our last day on Santa Cruz the port captain offered us the chance to visit another island if we were interested, something that was unheard of even by our local friends. We accepted and moved to Isabella Island and enjoyed another trip on horseback up to Isabella's active volcano. Wet and tired and thoroughly satisfied, all returned just before dark and we prepared to set off for Pitcairn, 3000 miles ahead.

#### **Galapagos to Pitcairn: Feb.10 - Mar.1**

Our passage to Pitcairn was nothing like what we were expecting. Fond memories of steady trade winds led us to build false expectations in everyone's minds. We did enjoy beautiful days of trade wind sailing during this leg but unfortunately for only one third of the time. After our first week the wind virtually died and we had to use our engine more than we expected or wanted to. As this passage is such a long one and due to the fact that we are still very isolated at the end of it we were very cautious about how much fuel we should use.

One fortunate side to calm conditions is that it offered the chance to maintain a pretty regular swim-stop schedule which was always a refreshing break in everyone's day. We also enjoyed another one of the Swift's famous 'walkman dances'. This is when everyone plugs into their own walkman and we have a dance together on deck. Obviously it makes for a great sight with everyone dancing to a different tune.

On February 16 conditions were perfect for a photo shoot so we decided to launch a dory and take some photos of Swift under sail in the middle of the South Pacific. Hopefully you will see the results during one of our slide shows once we are home again.

Since we departed Europe I have been keeping in touch with Pitcairn Island via ham radio and during our crossing from Galapagos we kept daily contact with the island. It is so exciting for us to know that all the islanders are equally excited about our visit and have been preparing for it for the last year. We had made arrangements over the ham to make a stop at Henderson Island if the weather was good. Henderson lies about 100 miles NE of Pitcairn and would be on our way; it is a coral island about 100 feet high and uninhabited. The Pitcairners like to visit the island to renew the supplies of miro wood which is used for their beautiful carvings. Well, weather was fine and we sighted the islander's bonfire on Henderson at 1800 hours on March 1st. Swift and everyone on board was alive with excitement. We had to anchor very close to the shore in deep water as the bottom drops away immediately from the beach. After anchoring we had a reunion with Pitcairn friends aboard Swift.

The next two days were spent loading wood, exploring beautiful Henderson, fishing, beach walking and examining ancient Polynesian remains in some of the burial caves ashore. We left the island on May 4th with Swift's fore deck loaded to the rails with miro wood. Our trip to Pitcairn from Henderson was quite exciting as halfway there the Pitcairn long boat had fuel problems and we had to come alongside and share some of our fuel with them.

At 1100 on March 4th we anchored off Adamstown in Bounty Bay and anxiously awaited our long boat trip ashore.

#### **Pitcairn and Oeno Islands: March 4 - 19**

We as a crew were a little apprehensive about our return trip to Pitcairn because our last visit was so wonderful. We did not want to unfairly expect to have the same experience repeated. Our worries were unwarranted though as we were welcomed back with open arms by all those on the island.

Watches were again split up and one complete watch plus two watch officers and a cook would be on board Swift at all times for safety purposes. As Pitcairn is completely exposed with no harbours or protected anchorages one has to be ready to weigh anchor and move if the weather turns foul. We did have to move Swift on the fourth day due to a change in wind direction. We moved from Bounty Bay to Tedside on the west side of the island and here the Swift remained for the remainder of our stay.

Our second visit to Pitcairn Island was an exceptional one and just as spectacular as the first. With the exception of having to move the Swift once, our weather was nothing less than perfect. Calm winds, mainly clear skies and warm tropical temperatures. Upon reaching the landing in Bounty Bay where we were welcomed ashore, small groups of us were carried off on ATV's to our host families homes. Most of us were scolded for not bringing all our dirty laundry ashore for them to clean!

There are a ton of activities that can keep one busy while ashore; they range from collecting food from the gardens to fishing and from diving to exploring some of the most theatrical geography in the world. Each day there would usually be a snorkling or scuba diving team setting out to go spearfishing or just to explore the underwater world of Pitcairn. Some of the highlights were snorkling on the remains of the HMS Bounty or cave diving on the south side of the island. Numerous long boat trips were also undertaken to explore the coast or again to enjoy some spectacular fishing holes. A few of Swift's crew and trainees were fortunate enough to have their birthdays fall on one of the days we were visiting Pitcairn and those in addition to the islanders' birthdays made it seem like we were having a typical Pitcairn feast each night. These feasts were spectacular; there were always many, many choices for us to ponder with plate in hand. We enjoyed beef, chicken, lamb, fish, taro, breadfruit, other vegetables and all kinds of typical Polynesian fruits.

One of our hopes as a crew for this visit was not only to be visitors on the island but to be able to come alongside the islanders and work with them. Much to our excitement this happened, beginning at Henderson with the loading of wood and carried on to Pitcairn during our stay there. Some of the jobs Swifties were able to help with ashore were pouring a new cement pad for a replacement power generator and building a new balcony on Dave Brown's house. Of course, its completion was another excuse for a big barbeque. These activities along with daily chores of food collecting and preparation kept us all happily busy during our stay.

Swifties had once again spent our passage time before Pitcairn making another beautiful embroidery as a gift to the islanders. We had made one for our last visit and thought it would be fun to have another one for this trip. Swift's 1993 embroidery was on a piece of canvas three by two feet with both the Bounty and Swift in place and the maple leaf in between. All had a hand in its construction and all embroidered their names on as well. It was a work of art. Steve Kroeker had also bought a cricket bat in Barbados to give the islanders, so we had an excuse to challenge our friends to another famous Pitcairn cricket game. We had two all day cricket games, though I must admit we were no match for the Pitcairners.

I could go on much longer but I should leave room for other news. Before leaving Pitcairn we were fortunate to take on another trainee: Raelene Christian boarded the Swift to sail to Hawaii with us. Raelene had made good friends with most of the trainees, and at age 19 she thought it would be a good time to take a break from the island and travel a bit with her new friends. Raelene is a seventh generation descendant of Fletcher Christian of the Bounty crew.

Departing Pitcairn was again a very emotional experience for both islanders and Swifties. We have become close friends with these people and this second visit has only enhanced this closeness. Both the long boat and the Swift crews were in tears while the Pitcairners sang their traditional good-bye song and the longboat was let go for the last time. We must return here again.

Before leaving the island group altogether, we were fortunate enough to spend two glorious days on Oeno Island, a coral atoll 75 miles north of Pitcairn. Two long boats had gone ahead to Oeno with some of the islanders and we spent the remainder of our time chatting with them and snorkling in the clearest most beautiful lagoon we had ever seen. We had to be taken ashore by skiff through the opening of the reef to the island's campsite located on a small motu (reef island). The Pitcairners call Oeno their holiday sland and it really is. Uninhabited and absolutely pristine, it is a virtual paradise.



### **Pitcairn Islands to Marquesas: March 19 - 26**

Our passage to the Marquesas was mainly calm but we were able to sail the last five days, not quickly but steadily. Despite our reluctance to leave our friends at Pitcairn it did feel good to get back to sea again and settle down in our "at sea rhythm". It really is a treat to be out and enjoy the clear, royal blue waters and gentle night breezes.

### **Marquesas Islands: March 26 - April 10**

Sighting Fatu Hiva at 0700 on the 26th was an exciting moment as Fatu Hiva and the other Marquesas are very high, jagged, beautiful islands. Fatu Hiva is the island Thor Heyderdhal came to with his wife to try and live simply and harmoniously with nature. We were not sure whether it was possible to stop at Fatu Hiva as it is not a port of entry. But to our excitement we were very warmly welcomed by the people of Hanavavae, a small village on the west side. During our two days here we were given a huge amount of fruit, guided tours of spectacular inland waterfalls and private Polynesian concerts on board the Swift.

Marquesians survive mainly by fishing and each morning you can see the outrigger canoes heading out to the fishing grounds just offshore. They fish at an amazing depth of 1800 feet with hand lines.

From Fatu Hiva we travelled north to Hiva Oa and completed our clearing into French Polynesia. Having befriended the local military captain we were treated royally and had all our fuel and water needs serviced. Hiva Oa was also the place, (unbeknownst to us at the time) that our bosun Stephen Mohan proposed to Barb Hulsker. Oops! The Swift did it again. Congratulations to both of you.

At 1400 on April 1st we made our way north-west to Ua Pou and tied up to the dock in Hakahau Bay. Here we enjoyed a local inter-island soccer tournament followed by a feast and Polynesian dancing. From Ua Pou it was a running sail to Nuku Hiva, the island which the Swift had visited during her maiden voyage to Australia. Trainees returned to the great waterfall in Daniel's Bay and enjoyed more baguettes, cream cheese and ice cream cones.

Our departure from Marquesas was delayed due to medical reasons so we took advantage of this time and touched up some of the paint, varnish and rig work on the Swift.

### **Marquesas to Hawaii: April 10 - 25**

Sailing from Marquesas to Hawaii during this leg was a bit frustrating due to either lack of wind or too much wind. Our first five days were spent battling light head winds which forced us to motor a lot of the time. We did enjoy the calm weather and made sure we took advantage of the time for swim stops. On April 15 at longitude 141° 57'W the Swift re-entered the northern hemisphere, much to everyone's excitement. We had only one "greenhorn" on board for Neptune to initiate. This was Raelene Christian who endured the ceremony gallantly.

Early on the morning of April 16 we started to experience strong squalls from the NE. We had been sailing with jumbo, foresail and reefed main throughout the night and were forced to take the second reef in the main at 0950. The wind was up to 35 knots and very gusty. While we were reefing the leech of the main ripped for a distance of about 25 feet. Swift's mainsail was immediately lowered and then stripped off the mast, boom and gaff. To complete repairs we needed to have the sail on deck. It took six to eight stitchers two days of stitching to repair the sail which was vital for our remaining thousand miles to Hawaii. On the end of the second day we had the sail back on and reefed which allowed us to carry on north at a reasonable speed. During the repairs we set the storm trysail in place of the main while the wind blew up to 45 knots. We were actually hove to for about four hours on the afternoon of the 16th. Congratulations to all our stitchers who helped repair the mainsail as it brought us to Hawaii where proper repairs could be completed. For the remainder of the voyage we sailed with winds of 30 knots and could carry only a reefed main, foresail and jumbo. Seas were large and at times the odd wave would sweep over the decks.

**Hawaii: April 25 - May 4**

As we had arrived one day earlier in the Hawaiian islands than planned our decision to go straight to Honolulu was changed and we cleared in at Hilo on the island of Hawaii. Our intention was to try and do a flash tour of a couple of islands before heading to busy Honolulu. As we were behind leaving Marquesas our time in the Hawaiian waters was very limited. We spent four hours in Hilo then made a night run to Lahina on Maui but not without making a short stop (45 minutes) at Molokini for a great snorkel. After six hours in Lahina we had another night run amongst the humpback whales to Honolulu where we tied up at 0845 on April 27th. It is amazing that we have arrived safe and sound at our last major port of the voyage.

Time in Honolulu was spent visiting the great consumer centers of the world stocking up on Cokes and M&M's. As well we had the chance to visit Bo Olsen and his fresh water prawn farm on the north shore of Oahu. Some also had the pleasure of being invited to visit the yard where the Hawaiian voyaging canoes are being built and restored in preparation for their next voyage to the Marquesas.

Hawaii has been a milestone for many of us aboard the Swift. This milestone seemed very far away when we were down in the South Pacific, but the Swift, her crew and faithful trainees have completed another safe and unbelievably action packed leg of this third voyage. Thank you all at home for your many prayers and words of encouragement as all were felt during leg 9. We look forward to the Swift's homecoming and hope to see you there.

Tony Anderson  
Master Pacific Swift

LOG FOR LEG 10 - HAWAII TO VICTORIA

The following is an account of the events that transpired aboard the Pacific Swift between the ports of Honolulu, Hawaii and Victoria, B.C.

It was difficult to say our good-byes to friends with whom we have been together for the longest leg of this voyage. An event that made this transition somewhat easier was the group dinner held for us by Robyn Sheppard's parents in their condominium. We were all invited for dinner, complete with appetizers, main course and copious quantities of dessert. It was delightful. We rounded out the evening with Mark Timmerman replaying some of the video footage he has been taking since Panama. It was a gift to have this time together to reflect on the past three months. Thank you to Mr. and Mrs. Sheppard.

After heart-felt farewells we cast off from Pier 8 and made our way towards Kauai with strong trade winds forecasted. Winds are often accelerated between the Hawaiian Islands. This was the case tonight and we had quite a boisterous trip. We managed to secure a berth alongside the dock in the harbour of Port Allen. During our stay in Port Allen on Kauai the trade winds averaged between 30-40 knots. We decided to take advantage of this foul weather and see the island.

In September of last year Kauai was hit by hurricane Iniki which tracked directly overtop of the island. Iniki's destruction was still very visible where ever you went. Many buildings, especially seaside resorts are still not back to operating standards. Our trainees were fortunate in that there was a free bus running to most areas of the island, a legacy of Iniki. Thus, transportation to see the island was not a problem.

After clearing customs we departed Kauai on May 10 at 1330 hrs. We had to beat into a 20 knot headwind initially in order to clear the north end of the island on a northerly heading. At 1930 hrs. on May 13 our propeller shaft sheared in two while motor sailing. Unfortunately, once in two parts, the tail shaft slipped astern and jammed the rudder thus making it impossible to steer the Swift. We decided to go over the side in diving gear to place rope strops on the propeller so we could draw it back into place and hold it there from the deck. With our hold-back lines in place we faced the sobering thought of having to continue home under sail alone. For most of you at home this probably did not seem to be that big of a deal. We did after all come out here to sail, right? This in part was true and is why we decided to continue home rather than turn around and head back to Hawaii. On the other hand, we were now completely at the mercy of the weather. If there were calms we would have to sit and wait for wind; if there were strong headwinds, we could not start the engine and motorsail into them. No, we would have to do our best under sail alone.

I must admit that it took me two or three days before I could put any feelings of anxiety aside and enjoy the remainder of the voyage. Often some of our senior trainees would come into the aft cabin looking for books on Captain Cook and his travels in the Pacific. Imagine, there we were, a two hundred year old design having to make a passage the way our mentors sailed every one of their passages. Here I must give recognition to our trainees as their efforts were exceptional. Being forced to turn out more often for sail handling, all jobs were completed with a high level of efficiency and with only supervision needed. By the time we sailed into Juan de Fuca the Swift and her crew were like a well-tuned instrument.

Our progress was slow between latitude 25° N and 35° W as winds are variable in this area. We often took advantage of calm days and enjoyed several swim stops; refreshing for everyone. Teaching and learning continued as per normal with some trainees working on different levels of their log books, others making ditty bags, carving scrimshaw curios or undertaking woodworking projects. Two or three times we were becalmed 'as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean.' These days were often busy with activity especially if the weather was warm. Most of us noticed an increase in our awareness with regards to sea life, cloud formations, sea state and whispers of wind developing after a day spent drifting. For hours we would watch the northern albatross sailing just inches clear of the

wave tops with the greatest of ease. We were also amazed at the number of sailing jellyfish we saw. For the last 800 miles of the passage we were surrounded by these curious drifters, often seen in clusters as large as the Swift herself. One of the most shocking sights we experienced was three California sea lions playing around the Swift while she was still 1200 miles from land! We broke another record during our time spent in the variables, one we cannot be too proud over. On May 17 the Swift logged her slowest deep sea daily run: a whopping 35 miles. Once we were north of 35° N our winds were more consistent and more favorable. Our daily runs were higher and so were our spirits.

During this last leg we assigned a Mug-Up to each watch to organize and orchestrate. Each weekend we would all look forward to something new for Mug-Up. One of the most outstanding evenings was spent at 'Cafe Swiftio' complete with cribbage, performances ~~and~~ art and fine coffee. Oh yes, the dress was semi-formal.

On June 8 at 1600 hrs. we were hove to under trysail alone with wind gusts up to 45 knots and seas up to 20 ft. Can you believe it! Only 200 miles from home. All we could do was wait for this passing depression to 'pass.' We had our last test on June 10 when the Swift was becalmed once more, this time with Vancouver Island in sight. You might say 'oh how frustrated you must have been' but, in actual fact we all agreed that it was wonderful to be able to enjoy the view before us for the length of time we did. Often the entrance to the strait is obscured by clouds or fog, or the passage is made in darkness and everything is missed. This time we were able to enjoy Vancouver Island and the Washington coast in all its splendour.

All our efforts and patience were rewarded on June 11 when a light breeze came up from the northwest. At 0830 hrs. we set sail and for the rest of the day enjoyed one of the most wonderful sails during this passage. With clear weather and warmer temperatures the Swift gracefully made her way the last 40 miles to the entrance of Juan de Fuca Strait. As our wind died away once inside the strait, we were obliged to take assistance from our safety boat the 'Nanoose Yarder,' a tug from Beacher Bay. Begrudgingly we passed the tow line and made it fast to Swift's samson post. Little did we realize at the time that being in tow was to be a delightful experience as there was nothing left for us to do. We could all spend time together enjoying Mug-Up or just chatting in small groups reminiscing about the last 11 months.

At 0300 hrs. we passed our lines to Martyn and Gerry who met us at the dock where we were to clear customs in Esquimalt Harbour. Breakfast was supplied by Heather Preston and we all enjoyed wonderful treats we had not seen for 33 days, the longest passage the Swift has made. With cheers of excitement we passed our tow line to the Robertson II who arrived at 1100 hrs. to bring us the few remaining miles to Victoria's Inner Harbour. Upon reaching Laurel Point Inn we again passed our tow line to another vessel, or rather I should say to two vessels. Two small 17th century ship's boats towed us under oar power alone to the floats just below the Empress Hotel. After nearly two years the Swift was tied up to the dock in her home port of Victoria.

Well, I am at the point in my log where I usually say something akin to, 'Looking back over the . . . .' This leg in particular has afforded us the chance to 'look back' and really reflect on what we have learned during our time aboard. During leg 10 I asked trainees to answer this question: 'Is there something you have learned during your time aboard the Swift that you think will stay with you for the rest of your life and that you can use at home?' I received a tremendously encouraging response from the trainees as little notes found their way to my bunk throughout the following week. If I can leave you readers at home with anything from this voyage it is that these young people and this crew are taking valuable, useful lessons home, simply because of this time we have had together. We return with lessons that have effected our lives and which will continue to effect our lives and the lives of those around us.

Thank you so much for your support of S.A.L.T.S. We as a crew have felt it in so many various ways.

Tony Anderson

Master, Pacific Swift